

THE  
**MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:**  
 OR,  
**MONTHLY MUSEUM**  
 OF  
*KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.*

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No. II.]      FOR MAY, 1795.      [Vol. VII.

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WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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EDITED BY THADDEUS M. HARRIS.

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MDCCLXV.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We have listened with pleasure to the *first echo* of the voice of genius and literature. We shall be happy in our collection to retain its *repeated* tones and pleasing *responses*. The expressive title brought forcibly to recollection the description of *echo* in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* : two lines of which we would willingly apply—

" Ante (ait) emoriar, quam sit tibi copia nostri ;

" Retulit illa nihil nisi—*fit tibi copia nostri*."

The *Investigator*, No. VII. will appear in the next month.

The character of Sapphira is excellent, but the poetry in which it is described too incorrect for insertion.

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W. H. W. 1793.



*Agriculture.*

S. Hill.

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THE  
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE,

FOR MAY, 1795.

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DESCRIPTION of the PLATE.

**A**GRICULTURE is here represented by a woman crowned with a garland of ears of corn. Her robe is green. Her left hand holds the circle of the zodiac, and her right points to a young tree, which begins to blossom, and which she fixedly regards. Near her are several instruments proper for the culture of the earth : And she superintends the labour of the plough.

The first employment of the earliest inhabitants of the world was the cultivation of the earth. Agriculture gave direction to their labors, and supply to their wants. Their descendants, the greatest princes and the wisest States have made husbandry the object of their inquiries, studies, and injunctions : they practised it themselves ; and made it a principal part of their politics to reward its improvement and punish its neglect.

No wonder this has been the business and amusement of the world in every age and every region, since it forces itself upon us on account of its necessity, and recommends it-

self to us on account of its advantages. Other arts and employments may serve for the embellishment of human life, this is requisite for its support.

Happiness seems to have fixed her seat in rural scenes ; the assembly, the lighted room, the equipage, the embroidery, do not soothe and entertain the mind of man in any degree like the verdant plain, the wavy field, the artless stream, the enamelled mead, the fragrant grove, the melodious birds, the sportive beasts, the open sky, and starry heavens.

The labors of the country life will rise in our esteem, if, besides their agreeableness to our nature, and frame, we consider them as the source of all the wealth of a nation. Trade and commerce, which are esteemed the two great fountains of national wealth, cannot have a place but on the foundation of this original and natural employment.

Agriculture not only furnishes wealth to a nation, but hands also  
able

able and willing to defend it, and is perhaps the best nursery of a good soldiery in the world. And the country life, which thus qualifies man for necessary defence, naturally introduces a disposition, averse to civil tumult, and offensive war: The occasion over their swords easily convert into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks."

Agriculture was, perhaps, the parent of all those sciences, arts, and employments, which have since carried their heads so far above her. But rises still higher, and reads continual lectures; not only in speculative, but practical philosophy; conducts to morality, and every social virtue, and enforces a due regard to, and dependence on, the supreme Being, in which consists the essence of religion.

"Agriculture, says Dr. Aphorpe in his discourse on the prophecies,

is perhaps the only art which government must patronize, if they would have their people emerge from barbarism. In the rude, but fertile regions of the uncultivated earth, societies for promoting agriculture, with rewards and immunities to the most skilful and successful labourers, would much forward the national industry, civilization, plenty and prosperity. Mankind are by nature indolent and voluptuous, and would be sunk in laziness and sensuality did not the difficulty of subsistence call forth their virtues and stimulate their exertions. The natural mean of civilization is industry, united with instruction, which is the industry of the mind.

Thus agriculture and the gospel are the two great instruments of divine providence, to check the voluptuousness, and exercise the virtues of man."

—♦♦♦♦♦—

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

**A** WISH to contribute his MITE to this literary *treasury*, has often harassed the bosom, of the present candidate for a place in your entertaining miscellany. Conscious inability of obtaining *discount* at the *bank* of genius, for a *sum* in any degree proportionate to his ambition; has often arrested his quill; when assumed with the determinate resolution, of *tendering* his trifling present, to your rich repository. He would not raise any expectations which he shall not be able to realize; and is determined therefore to regulate his *subscription*, by the credit, however small, which he is sure of being able to obtain. Should his offer be rejected on account of its *fractional value*, he can only apologize to the *teller* for his egregious mistake, in supposing that *change* might be acceptable at a *treas-*

*ury* so rich, or a foil be wanted for the splendid jewels already possessed. - Whether it be received, and future exertions encouraged, or whether it be rejected, the donor's conscience will be silenced by the trial; and if the latter be its fate, the future solicitations of his "*itching palm*," with ease, may be resisted.

A title for their performances, if we may credit our own experience, and their united *modest assurances*, is a circumstance of no small difficulty to the writers of periodical *Essays*. A recollection of the happy success, which the elegant writer of the "*Rivulet*" obtained, by searching the dictionary of nature, has induced his admirer to consult the *same* volume. On a late beautiful evening, by the unclouded light of the queen sister to the king of day, and her numerous fair attendants, the neighbouring

bouring fields presented themselves, as a probable page, where the greatly desired *word* would present itself. After a vain search, during an extensive range, my expressions of disappointment and chagrin, were ECHOED from a neighbouring hill,

mellowed into a softness indescribable. And what, thought I, are the herd of modern writers, but echos : What more proper title can a retailer in the periodical way assume than that, which we have concluded to adopt.

### The E C H O. No. I.

*" Nil dictum quod non prius dictum."*

Originality ought not to be expected.

THOUGH a reflection on the multitude of writers of celebrity, and the astonishing stretch to which the powers of the human mind have arrived, must induce the impartial mind to subscribe to the truth of the above motto ; like most other unlimited assertions from the pens of distinguished writers, it has often been perverted to a purpose, to which it may easily be wrested. Instead of checking presumption too ardent, it has been quoted by ignorance as an apology for its indolence ; and by stupidity, as an extenuation of its deficiency. But why may not undiscovered regions of fertility and opulence in the literary, as well as in the natural world, remain to immortalize some intrepid enterprizer. Tutored in the school of experience, for nearly six thousand years, the human mind has attained great improvements ; and the advantages, enjoyed at the present day, by the possession of the labours of past ages, greatly facilitates its progress in knowledge. The guardian god of science has prescribed no determinate bounds to genius, "to which it may come, but no farther." The distinguished superiority of man to the brute creation, consists in his reason ; by circumscribing this, therefore, we greatly derogate from this superiority. Man is indeed imperfect, and his life too short to attain even the *alphabet* of knowledge, or the

rudiments of science. And while the greatest care ought to be taken not to place any barrier in the path to literary exertions ; we cannot but lament our weakness and inability, on the wings of mortality to soar to those exalted regions, which analogy discovers to us, and for which we ardently pant. Hereafter, we have every reason to hope, that our progression in knowledge will continue ; and that a study of the works of Nature's God, and sublime contemplations on the present mysteries of providence, will constitute an important part of the happiness of heaven. But that brevity, which is the only recommendation of many productions, shall be observed in this first attempt.

At some future day, perhaps, should the questions ever be asked, the *who* and the *where* of these essays may be particularly described. At present it must suffice to inform our readers of some few of those circumstances, which are said to be of so much importance. Situated at a distance from the metropolis, of a few hours ride only, the place whence we shall *echo* to our readers, enjoys that intermediate state between the *excessive refinement* of the *court*, and the unpolished rusticity of uncultivated society, where social happiness and domestic enjoyment, have been represented as delighting to dwell. The innocent disputes of

our politicians, unmixed with personalities, the tale of truth, and the interesting occurrences of the day, untainted by localities, we shall be glad to catch, and transmit to the public. We cannot but observe, that in the neighbourhood of our oracle resides a nymph, whose accents "sweeter than the music of the spheres," shall we at any time be able to communicate, the large deficiency of our own attempts, will be amply compensated.

We assume not a name which would deceive, by promising originality to the public; we only offer

to pen the responses from a neighbouring echo. But we can assure our readers, that if these ECHOS do not charm by their melody, surprise by their novelty, or amuse by their humor; they shall never give occasion for a blush to suffuse the cheek of modesty, a frown to contract the brow of virtue, or a pang to agonize the breast of merit. The sacred recesses of family anecdote shall not be invaded, the unhallowed shades of detraction shall not be gleaned, and vices, not the vicious, shall be the objects of animadversion.



### Particulars relating to the EDUCATION, GENIUS, and PURSUITS of the Scottish Youth.

By T. NEWTE, Esq.

"**L**EARNING had been planted in Great Britain by apostolical missionaries; and Roman colonies and legions, for several centuries before the Roman Empire, yielded to inundations of barbarians; and retiring before the rude Saxons into Wales, Scotland, and the adjacent Islands, maintained, even in such sequestered corners as Icolmkil, her sacred fire along with political independence, during the darkness of the middle ages. As far as written memorials carry back our views, we find a lettered education very general in Scotland. In every parish, the clerk, who was also precentor and school-master, was instructed not only in arithmetic and the elements of geometry and mensuration, but in the Latin, and sometimes the Greek tongue; nay, and in some instances, in that logic and casuistry which maintained their ground in the universities, and gave the *fashion* or *tone* to the polite circles of Europe for

ages. It is sufficient to allude to the history of Abelard and the famous Crichton, to prove that there was a time when it was accounted as gentleman-like an accomplishment to be a subtle reasoner, as it is at present to excel in every thing that is connected with elegance or military glory. A tincture, at least, of erudition was often possessed even by rustics and mechanics, in rude and turbulent periods; and it must have been a very singular spectacle to a native of Constantinople or Rome, to behold a race of learned and religious barbarians.

"The sons of mechanics and small farmers, after spending the summer and autumn in various rural occupations, go to the parish school in winter to learn writing, arithmetic, and sometimes the Latin language; for as to English, the boys and girls of the poorer sort of people in Scotland, are taught for the most part to read in the Bible even before they set their foot

foot in a school. And a more delightful picture cannot be conceived by human imagination, than that of a young woman in all the bloom of health and of virtue, spinning flax with her little wheel, with a child leaning on her knee, with a catechism, or some collection or portion of the scriptures, laid on her lap; while the child reads the work is not interrupted, for the pious mother knows what he reads by heart. It will doubtless appear very strange and scarcely credible to other nations, that the Scottish children of all ranks, from the time that they are five or six years of age, are initiated in the sublimest of moral inquiries, namely, that *de finibus bonorum et malorum*; or, "What is the chief end of man?"

This last assertion of our author having struck the editors of the London Review as somewhat exceedingly singular, they applied for explanation to some of those learned ingenious Scotchmen to whom Cap-

tain Newte is supposed to allude in his advertisement, from whom they received, in illustration of what is related with the most perfect veracity, the following account: The moment that the Scottish children have learnt their alphabet, they are taught first to read, and then to repeat and understand the Kirk-catechism or system of metaphysical theology, drawn up by the famous assembly of divines at Westminster in the reign of the long parliament, in the way of question and answer. The first question in that brief but comprehensive body of divinity is, "What is the chief end of man?" the sublimest undoubtedly and most important to be found in the whole circle of moral science. The answer is, "To glorify God, and to enjoy him forever." This fundamental principle is branched forth, with great order and comprehension, into a variety of questions relating both to faith and practice.

## HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

**S**ADI, the celebrated Persian philosopher and historian, relates an entertaining and instructive anecdote of Cosroes, King of Persia. This prince had a minister of state, whose character was so amiable, that it was difficult to determine by whom he was most beloved, by the king, or by the people. At length, this able minister demanded his dismissal; but Cosroes, unwilling to lose such a faithful and wise statesman, desired an explanation. "Why would you desert me, said the afflicted monarch; have you any cause of complaint? Has not the dew of my benevolence fallen upon thee? Have not all my slaves been ordered to make no dis-

tinction between thy orders and mine? Are not you next my heart? Have you any thing to ask that I can grant? Speak, and you shall be satisfied; only do not think of leaving me." Mitranes, the minister, made this reply: "O, King, I have served thee with zeal and fidelity, and thou hast most amply rewarded me; but nature now requires from me one of the most sacred of all duties—I have a son, who can only learn from me how to serve thee or thy successors hereafter, as I have done; let me pursue this private duty, after all my care for the public good." Cosroes granted his request, but upon this condition, that he should take the young prince  
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his son along with him into his retreat, and educate both the youths together. Mitranes set out for his rural retreat, and after five or six years absence he returned, and carried his pupils to court. Cosroes was overjoyed to see his son again, but upon examination he was greatly chagrined to find that he had not made the same progress in his studies as the son of Mitranes; in short, he was greatly inferior to him in point of real merit. The king complained to the minister of this striking difference; and his reply should be a lesson to all young men of good dispositions. "O, king, my son has made a better use than yours of the instructions I gave to both; my attention has been equally divided between them, but my son knows that his dependance must be on mankind, while I could never conceal from your's that men would be dependent upon him."

VOUTI, Emperor of China, was passionately fond of the occult sciences. An impostor, availing himself of this foible, brought him an elixir, exhorting him to drink it, and assuring him that it would render him immortal. One of his ministers, who was in the presence, having in vain attempted to undeceive him, hastily snatched the cup, and drank the liquor. The Emperor, enraged at this insult, ordered the mandarin to be put to death; the honest minister, not in the least disconcerted, said to him, "If the elixir bestows immortality, all your efforts to put me to death will be useless; and if it does not, surely you will not be guilty of such an act of injustice for so insignificant a theft." This speech pacified the emperor, who afterwards highly commended him for his fortitude in the cause of truth, in opposition to imposture.

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### Hints on the Nature and Usefulness of DIARIES.

**T**HERE is not one hour in the life of man that is exactly the same with another, during the whole course of his existence, from the cradle to the grave. New objects, circumstances, and situations; new ideas, emotions, and passions blended together, according to their different shades and order of succession, and producing fancies, hopes, and fears in endless variety, render human life the most variegated as well as the most fleeting scene, with which we are at all acquainted in the whole circle of nature. As the power of language is unable to arrest and describe the mixed emotions of the mind at the moment they pass, so it is far less fitted to recall them at pleasure. But if we

cannot clothe in language, and mark down the various sentiments and feelings that occupy our minds in different times and situations, it is in our power in some measure to make up for this deficiency, by recording the objects that occasioned them; and the diaries in which these are comprehended afford, at least to him who takes the trouble of making them, a very curious and interesting subject of both entertainment and improvement. If the unvaried and uninteresting voids of life should seem but little adapted to the composition of such journals, travels and voyages not only furnish materials for collections of this kind, but naturally induce men to make them.

SACONTALA:

## SACONTALA: Or, the FATAL RING.

*(Concluded from page 54.)**Enter Sarngarava and Saradwata.**Both.* **H**OLY sage, we are here.*Can.* My son, Sarngarava, shew thy sister her way.*Sarn.* Come damsel—*(They all advance.)**Can.* Hear, O ye trees of this hallowed forest; ye trees, in which the sylvan goddesses have their abode; hear, and proclaim, that Sacontala is going to the palace of her wedded lord: she who drank not though thirsty, before you were watered: she who cropped not thro' affection for you, one of your fresh leaves, though she would have been pleased with such an ornament for her locks; she whose chief delight was in the season when your branches are spangled with flowers!*Chorus of invisible wood-nymphs.**Can.* May her way be attended with prosperity! may propitious breezes sprinkle, for her delight, the odoriferous dust of rich blossoms! May pools of clear water, green with the leaves of the lotos, refresh her as she walks! and may shady branches be her defence from the scorching sun beams!*(All listen with admiration.)**Sarn.* Was that the voice of the Cocila wishing a happy journey to Sacontala?—Or did the nymphs, who are allied to the pious inhabitants of the woods, repeat the warbling of the musical bird, and make its greeting their own?*Gaut.* Daughter, the sylvan goddesses, who love their kindred hermits, have wished you prosperity and are entitled to humble thanks. *(Sacontala walks round, bowing to the nymphs.)**Sac. (Aside to Priyamvada.)*  
Vol. VII.

B

Delighted as I am, O Priyamvada, with the thought of again seeing the son of my lord, yet, on leaving this grove, my early asylum, I am scarcely able to walk.

*Pri.* You lament not alone.

—Mark the affection of the forest itself, when the time of your departure approaches! the female antelope browses no more on the collected Cusa grass; and the peahen ceases to dance on the lawn; the very plants of the grove, whose pale leaves fall on the ground, lose their strength and their beauty.

*Sac.* Venerable father, suffer me to address this Madhavi creeper, whose red blossoms inflame the grove.*Can.* My child, I know thy affection for it.*Sac. (Embracing the plant.)* O most radiant of twining plants, receive my embraces, and return them with thy flexible arms. From this day, though removed to a fatal distance, I shall forever be thine. O beloved father, consider this creeper as myself.*Can.* My darling, thy amiable qualities have gained thee a husband equal to thyself: such an event has been long, for thy sake, the chief object of my heart; and now, since my solicitude for thy marriage is at an end, I will marry thy favorite plant to the bridegroom Amra, who sheds fragrance near her. Proceed my child on thy journey.*Sac. (Approaching the two damsels.)* Sweet friends, let this madhavi creeper be a precious deposit in your hands.*Anu. and Pri.* Alas! in whose care shall we be left?*They both weep.**Can.*

"*Can.* Tears are vain, Anusuya, our Sacontala ought rather to be supported by our firmness, than weakened by your weeping.

*(All advance.)*

"*Sac.* Father, when yon female antelope, who now moves slowly from the weight of the young ones with which she is pregnant, shall be delivered of them, send me, I beg, a kind message, with tidings of her safety. Do not forget.

"*Can.* My beloved, I will not forget it.

"*Sac.* *(Advancing, then stopping.)* Ah! what is it that clings to the skirts of my robe and detains me?

*(She turns round and looks.)*

"*Can.* It is thy adopted child, the little fawn, whose mouth when the sharp points of Cusa grass had wounded it, has been so often smeared by thy hand with the healing oil of Ingudi; who has been so often fed by thee with a handful of Syamaka grains, and now will not leave the footsteps of his protectress.

"*Sac.* Why dost thou weep, tender fawn, for me, who must leave our common dwelling place? As thou wast reared by me when thou hadst lost thy mother, who died soon after thy birth, so will my foster father attend thee, when we are separated with anxious care. Return poor thing, return—we must part.

*(She bursts into tears.)*

"*Can.* Thy tears my child ill suit the occasion: we shall all meet again: be firm: see the direct road before thee, and follow it. When the big tear lurks beneath thy beautiful eye-lashes, let thy resolution check its first efforts to disengage itself. In thy passage over this earth, where the paths are now high, now low, and the true path seldom distinguished, the traces of thy feet must needs be unequal;

but virtue will press thee right onward.

"*Sarn.* It is a sacred rule, holy sage, that a benevolent man should accompany a traveller, till he meet with abundance of water; and that rule you have carefully observed: we are now near the brink of a large pool. Give us, therefore, your commands, and return.

"*Can.* Let us rest a while under the shade of this vata tree. *(They all go to the shade.)* What message can I send with propriety to the noble Dushmanta?

*(He meditates.)*

"*Anu.* *(Aside to Sacontala.)* My beloved friend, every heart in our asylum is fixed on you alone, and all are afflicted by your departure. Look, the bird Chacravaca, called by his mate, who is almost hidden by water lilies, gives her no answer; but having dropped from his bill the fibres of lotos stalks which he had plucked, gazes on you with inexpressible tenderness.

"*Can.* My son, Sarngarava, remember, when thou shalt present Sacontala to the king, to address him thus, in my name: "Considering us hermits as virtuous indeed, but rich only in devotion, and considering also thy own exalted birth, retain thy love for this girl, which arose in thy bosom without any interference of her kindred; and look on her among thy wives with the same kindness which they experience; more than that cannot be demanded; since particular affection must depend on the will of heaven."

"*Sarn.* Your message, venerable man, is deeply rooted in my remembrance.

"*Can.* *(Looking tenderly at Sacontala.)* Now, my darling, thou too must be gently admonished. We, who are humble foresters, are yet acquainted

ed with the world which we have forsaken.

"*Sarn.* Nothing can be unknown to the wise.

"*Can.* Hear, my daughter.—When thou art settled in the mansion of thy husband, shew due reverence to him, and to those whom he reveres : though he have other wives, be rather an affectionate handmaid to them than a rival. Should he displease thee, let not thy resentment lead thee to disobedience. In thy conduct to thy domestics, be rigidly just and impartial, and seek not eagerly thy own gratifications—By such behaviour young women become respectable : but perverse wives are the bane of a family. What thinks Gautami of this lesson ?

"*Gaut.* It is incomparable : my child, be sure to remember it.

"*Can.* Come, my beloved girl, give a parting embrace to me, and to thy tender companions.

"*Sac.* Must Anusuya and Priyamvada return to the hermitage ?

"*Can.* They too, my child, must be suitably married, and it would not be proper for them yet to visit the city ; but Gautami will accompany thee.

"*Sac.* (*Embracing him.*) Removed from the bosom of my father, like a young sandal tree rent from the hills of Malaya, how shall I exist in a strange soil ?

"*Can.* Be not so anxious.—When thou shalt be mistress of a family, and consort of a king, thou mayest indeed be occasionally perplexed by the intricate affairs which arise from the exuberance of wealth, but will then think lightly of this transient affliction, especially when thou shalt have a son (and a son thou wilt have) bright as the rising day star. Know also with certainty, that the body must necessarily

at the appointed moment, be separated from the soul : who, then, can be immoderately afflicted, when the weaker bounds of extrinsic relations are loosened, or even broken ?

"*Sac.* (*Falling at his feet*) My father, I thus humbly declare my veneration for you."

"*Can.* Excellent girl, may my effort for thy happiness prove successful.

"*Sac.* (*Approaching her two companions.*) Come then, my beloved friends, embrace me together.

(*They embrace her.*)

"*Anu.* My friend, if the virtuous monarch should not at once recollect you, only shew him the ring on which his name is engraved.

"*Sac.* (*Starting.*) My heart flutters at the bare apprehension which you have raised.

"*Pri.* Fear not, sweet Sacontala : love always raises ideas of misery, which are seldom or never realised.

"*Sarn.* Holy sage, the sun has risen to a considerable height : let the queen hasten her departure.

"*Sac.* (*again embracing Canna.*) When, my father, oh ! when again shall I behold this asylum of virtue ?

"*Can.* Daughter, when thou shalt long have been wedded, like this fruitful earth, to the pious monarch, and shalt have borne him a son, whose car shall be matchless in battle, thy lord shall transfer to him the burden of the empire, and thou with thy Dushmanta, shalt again seek tranquillity before thy final departure, in this loved and consecrated grove.

"*Gaut.* My child, the proper time for our journey passes away rapidly : suffer thy father to return. Go, venerable man, go back to thy mansion, from which she is doomed to be so long absent.

"*Ca*

"*Can.* Sweet child, this delay interrupts my religious duties.

"*Sac.* You; my father, will perform them long without sorrow; but I, alas! am destined to bear affliction.

"*Can.* O! my daughter, compel me not to neglect my daily devotions, (*sighing.*) No, my sorrow will not be diminished. Can it cease, my beloved, when the plants that rise luxuriantly from the hallowed grains which rise luxuriantly before my cottage, are continually in my sight? Go, and may thy journey prosper.

(*Sacontala goes out with Gautami and the two Misfrs.*)

"*Both damsels, (Looking after Sacontala with anguish.)* Alas! alas! our beloved is hidden by the thick trees.

"*Can.* My children, since your friend is at length departed, check your immoderate grief, and follow me. (*They all turn back.*)

The distress of Dushmanta on recollecting the cruelty of his conduct to the queen, is painted with great truth and beauty; but our scanty limits forbid us from inserting it entire. For the following passages we hope no apology will be necessary.

"*Dush.* When I reflect on your friend Sacontala, who must now be greatly affected by my desertion of her, I am without comfort. She made an attempt to follow the Brachmens and the matron: Stay, said the sage's pupil, who was revered as the sage himself, stay, said he, with a loud voice. Then once more he fixed on me, who had betrayed her, that celestial face, then bedewed with gushing tears; the bare idea of her pain, burns me like an envenomed javelin.

*Again.* - - - -

"Was it sleep that impaired my memory? was it delusion? Was it an error of judgment? Or was it the destined reward of my bad actions? Whatever it was, I am sensible that until Sacontala returns to these arms, I shall be plunged in the abyss of affliction.

*Again.* - - - -

"(*Looking at the ring.*) How, O ring, couldst thou leave that hand, adorned with soft long fingers, and fall into a pool, decked only with water lilies? The answer is obvious: thou art irrational. But how could I, who was born with a reasonable soul, desert my beloved?

*Again.* - - - -

"O my darling, whom I treated with disrespect, and forsook without reason, when will this traitor, whose heart is deeply stung with repentant sorrow, be once more blessed with a sight of thee?"

Dost thou, O reader, recognise the savage in these features? Is he not a man? Is he not thy brother?

The art of painting, is supposed never to have been carried to any degree of perfection in India. I think this must be a mistake, or how could the poet have imagined the following circumstances.

The Emperor, delighted with every thing that recalls the idea of his beloved, orders a picture of her, that had been painted by one of her damsels, to be brought to him: and presenting it to his prime minister, he says,

"*Madh.* There are so many female figures on this canvas, that I cannot well distinguish the lady Sacontala.

"*Dush.* Which of the figures do you conceive to be intended for the queen?

"*Madh. (Examining the picture.)* It is she, I imagine, who looks a little fatigued; and the string of  
her

her vest rather loose; the slender stalks of her arms falling languidly, a few bright drops on her face, and some flowers dropping from her untied locks. That must be the queen; and the rest, I suppose are her damsels.

"*Dush.* You judge well; but my affection requires something more in the piece. Besides, thro' some defect in the colouring, a tear seems trickling down her cheek, which ill suits the taste in which I desired to see her painted. (*To the damsel.*) The picture, O Chaturica, is unfinished. Go back to the painting room and bring the implements of thy art.

"*Madh.* What else is to be painted?

"*Dush.* In this landscape, my friend, I wish to see represented the river Malini, with some amorous flamingos on its green margin: Farther back must appear some hills near the mountain Himalya surrounded with herds of Chamaras; and in the fore ground, a dark spreading tree, with some mantles of woven bark suspended on its branches to be dried by the sunbeams; while a pair of black antelopes couch in its shade, and the female gently rubs her beautiful forehead on the horn of the male."

Other particulars are added, which we must omit, that clearly prove the poet was well acquainted with the enchanting powers of the pencil. This scene is concluded with the following beautiful apostrophe of the king, suggested by his present situation.

"Why do I thus indulge unremitted grief? That intercourse with my darling which dreams would give, is prevented by my continual inability to repose: and my tears will not suffer me to view her distinctly even in this picture!"

These extracts are already too long; but long as they are, I cannot close the book without transcribing what follows.

"*A Warder enters with a leaf.*

"*Ward.* May the king prosper! The chief minister sends this message: "I have carefully stated a case which has arisen in the city, and accurately committed it to writing; let the king deign to consider it."

"*Dushm.* Give me the leaf.— (*Receiving it, and reading.*)—"Be it presented at the foot of the king, that a merchant named Dhanavridhi, who had extensive commerce at sea, was lost in a late shipwreck: he had no child born; and has left a fortune of many millions, which belongs, if the King commands, to the royal treasury." (*With sorrow*) Oh! how great a misfortune it is to die childless! Yet with his affluence he must have had many wives: Let an inquiry be made whether any one of them is pregnant.

"*Ward.* I have heard that his wife, the daughter of an excellent man, named Sacetaca, has already performed the ceremonies usual on pregnancy.

"*Dush.* The child, tho' unborn, has a title to his father's property. Go: bid the minister make my judgments public.

"*Ward.* I obey. (*Going.*)

"*Dush.* Stay awhile. (*Musing.*)

"*Ward.* (*Returning.*) I am here.

"*Dush.* Whether he had, or had not left an offspring, the estate should not have been forfeited. Let it be proclaimed, that whatever kinsman any one of my subjects may lose, *Dushmanta* (excepting always the case of forfeiture for crimes) will supply in tender affection, the place of that kinsman."

What a noble idea, and how properly introduced! The king, feeling

feeling what it is to be deprived of the tenderest connections he had, learns to be interested for those who are in similar circumstances of dis-

treffs. Does not the man who can cherish such ideas, deserve to be embraced as a brother, by all the virtuous part of the human race!

## The DELIGHTS of BENEVOLENCE.

(Continued from page 32.)

### THE RETURN.

THE tenantry of R— were assembled to receive their noble benefactress, for as such they considered Lady Frances; for though the Countess, by residing so many years upon her estate, had kept extreme poverty from the door of the meanest peasant, yet if any accident happened among them, Lady Frances was always applied to, in whose heart they found a never-failing source of benevolence. Indeed she had been instructed by her noble mother to consider them *not as slaves*, but as people as necessary to her as she was to them. But for *these*, would she often say, this large domain would be of very little use. It is for *us* the husbandman tills the earth; it is for *us* he bears the biting frost, and chilling blasts of wintry storms; for *his* reward is a slender, a very slender portion indeed, of the good things the earth so bounteously yields in return for his labour. It is a duty *therefore* we owe *ourselves and them*, to see that their situation is rendered as pleasing as their lot in life will admit of.

### THE EXPRESS.

Lady Frances did not allow herself to recover from her fatigue. She immediately sat down, and wrote to her beloved mother, to acquaint her of their safe arrival, and to inform her slightly of the accident which had happened upon the road; fearing that the news might reach the countess thro' the means

of some officious person, with enlarged circumstances of misfortune; which to prevent, if possible, she sent off an express to London directly; but her precaution was ineffectual, for the news had spread to the next port town, where was a lady waiting for fresh horses to convey her to London. She heard the name of "Lady Frances W—, and, dreadful accident," just as she was stepping into her chaise. "What is that?" said she to her servant, "Lady Frances W—, daughter to the Countess of B—, Madam," said the man, "has been thrown from her phaeton by a waggon: her arm is broke, and she is otherwise so much hurt, that her life is despaired of." "Where is the Countess?" "In London, Madam."

This was enough for Mrs. Barnard: she determined not to stop, except to change horses, till she reached London, where, the moment she arrived, she ordered the carriage to the Countess of B—.

### THE ALARM.

The instant the porter opened the door—"I must see the Countess of B—this moment, this moment I must see her."

The Countess happened to be coming from her dressing room, and was upon the stairs. So eager and peremptory an inquiry alarmed her so much, that, when the servant announced Mrs. Barnard, she was almost speechless; however, the entrance of that lady gave a momentary relief to her anxiety.

MISINFORMATION.

MISINFORMATION.

Without the least ceremony Mrs. B. advanced to the Countess.

*I hope*, she exclaimed, *I hope* Lady Frances W— will in future have less confidence in her dexterity as a female *Jehu*, and leave the reins to abler hands—*hands* that can manage them with more skill.

The Countess, by the opening of the story, perceived she had gathered misinformation somewhere, and, indeed offended at her freedom of speech, inquired very coolly what she meant? “I mean, Lady B—,” said she, in a tone of vexation, “that Lady Frances W—, by driving her phaeton with great rapidity, has been thrown from it, and her arm is broke.” “You are wrong informed indeed—my daughters are not ambitious of figuring as *female Jehus*: besides, Mrs. Templar is with Lady Frances, and *I am convinced* nothing could possibly tempt her to step into a phaeton. Timidity, occasioned by an accident of her youth, I am *certain*, would prevail over her natural politeness.” Upon this Mrs. Barnard wished the Countess good morning, provoked that her vulgar precipitancy had not succeeded in throwing a whole family into confusion.

THE ADVENTURER.

Mrs. Barnard never was ranked by the Countess in the number *even of respected* acquaintances, though the other always aimed at being thought in habits of particular friendship. Often would she invite herself to R— Castle, where she was ever sure of meeting a polite reception (from respect to the memory of Mr. Barnard, who was a near relation to the father of the Countess of —).

This *amiable* lady was of that class of female adventurers who, with a low origin, a large portion

of beauty, and a bountiful share of vulgar assurance, had, with the assistance of some friends, procured a few tawdry decorations, and a slight recommendation to some of our East-India settlements, where she had the good luck to entrap Mr. Barnard; but that unfortunate gentleman soon perceived his error. His grateful wife, in return for his generosity in raising her to a rank far above her most sanguine expectations, continued to intrigue with a young officer, whom she became acquainted with in the ship that carried her out.

This heroic dame observed no decorum, but with the most consummate impudence gave public preference to her gallant, even in the presence of her injured husband. This determined Mr. Barnard to resign his employments in the East Indies (which were very lucrative) and return to England; but with the most assiduous caution did he endeavor to prevent the infamy of his wife being known to his family, convinced, if it should once transpire, she never would be received by them. However, a very few months after his return, death put a period to his sorrows. He left to his widow the bulk of his fortune (which was immense), whose low cunning had prevailed in *making him believe* she was a sincere penitent for past faults.

THE REVERIE.

As soon as the Countess was alone, she fell into a most profound reverie, and the most anxious forebodings obtruded upon her maternal bosom. There certainly is some cause, said she to herself, for the dreadful account Mrs. Barnard has heard. The mistake between a phaeton and a chaise might easily be made, particularly as it

is probable the story has been told by some ignorant clown.

How unlucky am I, she continued (wringing her hands), that I did not inquire of Mrs. Barnard *how and where* she heard of it. *Why did I so suddenly give way to my resentment?* However, I will go immediately to her house, and obtain, if possible, a more perfect information.

She rang the bell;—the servant who answered, brought in his hand a letter. "This is express from Mrs. Templar, my lady."

With a trembling hand, and fluttering heart, did she unseal the packet.

#### THE PLEASING DISAPPOINTMENT.

Instead of meeting, as she expected, on account of some dreadful catastrophe, she found a letter inclosed from Lady Frances. That dutiful and affectionate daughter playfully touched upon the cause of her sending express, to convince the Countess, if possible, she was not hurt.

"The only effect of our disaster, my dear mother, is fright on my part, and resentment on the part of my aunt, who is determined to be the champion of helpless innocence."

The Countess went immediately to the apartment of Lady Bell, with the letters, and to inform her of what had passed between herself and Mrs. Barnard.

"I am really sorry," said the Countess, "that I have infringed upon the laws of good breeding, in my behaviour to Mrs. Barnard; her intention was certainly good, though ungraciously expressed."

"Indeed, Madam," replied Lady Bell, my heart refuses to credit Mrs. Barnard for *any one good act*." "That is illiberal. I cannot but think Mrs. Barnard's heart is good, though destitute of delicate and refined senti-

ment." "Mrs. Barnard," returned Lady Bell, wishes to be thought a valuable and deserving character; her artifice has indeed succeeded in concealing from you the black venom of her heart, but she is not so cautious with every body." "You are uncommonly severe," said the Countess gravely "you will call, however, upon Mrs. Barnard, and make my apology."

Nothing could be more ungrateful to the feelings of Lady Bell, than the commands of her mother at this time. Her dislike was strong against Mrs. Barnard on many accounts;—but from her insolent reflections on her beloved sister, it became a deep aversion.

Lady Bell indeed knew (as Mrs. B—— did not observe the same circumspection before the young ladies, as with the Countess) that she was mistress of deception the most dangerous. She well knew that upon her false face she wore the mask of anxious friendship, for the purpose of drawing from the sorrow-stricken heart, its nearest secrets of woe, *which when possessed of*, she distributed, wherever she went, under the same diabolical covering, and (as was her design) with more successful injury than an avowed enemy could possibly accomplish. Nay, even her own family shared the same fate, at least that part of them who were so unfortunate as to be honored with her notice. However, she would not presume to dispute her mother's commands.

#### THE VISIT.

Lady Bell arrived at Mrs. Barnard's just in time to save her sister's life in Mrs. B——'s tale; for she had been relating the story to a Mrs. Wilson, who, with her daughter, had called on a visit, and had got to that part of the story when the arm was broke, and was just on the

the point of pronouncing Lady Frances *dead*, absolutely *dead*, when the ladies were by Lady Bell undeceived.

"Well," said Miss Wilson, "I declare I now am *really rejoiced* at the escape of Lady Frances; for, had she fell from a lofty car, guiding with heroic ardour four noble steeds in hand, a whip half a mile long, waved with graceful ease, by beauty's polished arm, I should have exclaimed,

*By the foot of Mahomet 'twas bravely done!*

But to tumble out of an old-fashioned vehicle, like one's great grandmother, I sincerely congratulate her, for it would have been disgraceful to have had a single scratch on such an occasion."

THE CATASTROPHE.

While Mrs. Barnard was the occasion of so much uneasiness in London, Lady Frances was execrating her, as far as such a heart could execrate, as the authoress of a dreadful catastrophe, that plunged into wretchedness, irremediable wretchedness, an amiable man, a Mr. Rivers, in whose family she was particularly intimate. This fiend of dark deeds had taken some offence against Mrs. Rivers, and was determined on revenge. She tampered with the feelings of that unfortunate lady, and soon discovered that she had a tincture of jealousy in her composition. So favorable a circumstance for the forwarding her plan, did not escape her immediate attention. The first opportunity that offered, she insinuated to Mrs. Rivers that her husband's affections for Emma had (since his marriage) returned with double force—that private meetings were frequent; and advised Mrs. Rivers, by all means, to have her husband watched, as she vulgarly expressed herself. "No,

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madam," said Mrs. Rivers, "my soul is not capable of descending to such meanness, were it even possible for me to suspect my Edward guilty of so much baseness."

"Why, you know," answered the irritated Mrs. Barnard (trembling for the success of her infernal plot) you know well that your husband was fondly attached to Emma; and had she not jilted him, he never would have married you. But your friend Miss Percival can inform you, *if she pleases*, of the truth of my assertion. Believe me, *my dear Mrs. Rivers*," continued this artful hypocrite, with an affectation of deep concern, "my friendship for you determines me to forfeit all claim to the regard of Mr. Rivers, and I will undeceive you if possible." Mr. Rivers was absent from home, and was not expected for some weeks, at the time this conversation passed between his wife and Mrs. Barnard.

For several days Mrs. Rivers (naturally of a melancholy disposition) brooded over her supposed misfortune. Love, jealousy, reason, at times alternate reigned. Love and reason at last seemed to bear the sway, and Mrs. Rivers prepared to meet her *lover*, her *husband*, as a woman that had not lost the fondness of a mistress in the dignity of the wife.

But, alas! such happiness he was destined never more to know. His wife had indeed prepared, but it was a deadly preparation. Silence to his inquiries, and the dismal countenances of his domestics upon entering his own house, made Mr. Rivers conclude that his wife was ill. With anxious eagerness he ran up her bed-chamber—but, oh! what a heart-breaking sight for a husband that loved, tenderly loved, his wife! she lay wel-

tering

tering in blood ;—by her, a pistol, the instrument of her dissolution ;—upon her toilet lay a bundle of papers, anonymous letters, and one addressed to her Edward, in which she explained her reasons for thus plunging into the unfathomable gulf of eternity with such determined boldness. She related the different conversations that had passed between herself and Mrs. Barnard, and referred him to the letters. “ My love is too nice, my dearest Edward, to admit of partition in your heart, even in idea ; but after being so entirely convinced that the heart I fondly flattered myself was mine, is the willing slave of another, and can afford to me feeble friendship only in return for the mass of love I have squandered, how can I live ? No !—I will fly to the throne of my beneficent parent, and, at the fountain of never-failing mercy, drink the beverage of pardon, peace, and everlasting joys. For thou, O great and good, wilt not condemn to torment perpetual, the wretch that dares to escape from misery exceeding the portion of fortitude allotted her.”

If such a character as Mrs. Barnard should read this (for such characters do certainly exist), let gentle pity guard in future her lips with caution ; and, oh ! may she never forget the fatal effects of trifling with the delicate feelings of a tender and affectionate heart !

#### A LETTER.

Lady Frances was made acquainted with the circumstance of Mrs. River's death by a letter from Miss Percival (the lady to whom Mrs. Barnard alluded,) and a particular friend of Lady Frances.

After relating what has already been inserted, she continued, “ You will forever detest me, my dear Frances. You must see I have

been a pliable engine in the hand of cruel Mrs. Barnard, to destroy my friend. Oh ! what a fool was I, to listen to the malicious suggestions of that wicked woman ! Rivers was never a favorite of mine, as a husband for Miss Horton. I knew she deserved an undivided heart, and that she could not feel happiness without. You know his ridiculous fondness for Emma before his marriage, made him a subject for the shafts of satire, and justly, as she really does not appear to possess any one requisite to engage even the attention of a man of sense (as Rivers most certainly is). However, love held the mirror ; and her art, cunning, and ignorance, appeared to him innocent simplicity. Mrs. Barnard, taking an advantage of my unfortunate prejudice against Rivers, told me, with seeming concern, that he had thrown off all restraint, and was gone off with Emma (who has really left her valuable husband ; ) and to convince me of the infidelity of Rivers, contrived that I should see them together (for it since appears to be her contrivance, by means of anonymous letters.) But, oh ! my dear Frances, I doubt if you will consider the deception practised upon my friendship for Mrs. Rivers, as an apology for my rashness in discovering to her my opinion of her husband.

“ I imprudently gave way to a resentful impulse, lost all patience, and went immediately to her house, determined to advise her to quit him ; but conceive, if you can, my astonishment, after such information, to be received by her with the greatest cheerfulness. “ This is an unexpected pleasure, my dear Percival, and doubly agreeable, as I expect my own Edward home this evening, who will be rejoiced to see you.”

This

"This intelligence prevented me from speaking what I had proposed, and nothing of any consequence happened till dinner, when her servant brought letters to her (one from Rivers,) to inform her he was disappointed of coming home that evening: the other she threw into the fire as soon as she read it.

"From this moment her countenance betrayed evident marks of the most tormenting anxiety. I pressed her to disclose to me the cause of her uneasiness. Do not urge me, dear Mary," said she "Were it but the fear of giving you pain, I should most assiduously endeavour to conceal the cause that at present disturbs my mind."

"That is indeed unkind, my dear Henry; I have ever made you the confident of my private affection, and never did the milky spring of consolation fail in your friendly bosom. "Ah! you are not married." Not married! I echoed. Does marriage exclude friendship? Is it so churlish a tie? Your husband is not of that opinion, *at least as far as relates to his own connections.* She clasped her hands together, and with the most piteous look exclaimed, "Oh! the misery of my heart is insupportable." I flew to her, kissed her, and said every thing I imagined could console her.

"When we separated, she threw her arms round my neck. "I shall be happy yet, said she; and soon, my dear Mary, shall I be happy." Little did I imagine it was happiness eternal she meant. Oh! can I ever forgive myself? I wander about like a ghost-haunted criminal, for I see her every where. She is constantly in my view: wherever I turn, I see her.

"My father has proposed to me, as the only probable means of di-

verting my melancholy, that I should visit my aunt Lewes. Her residence is in a remote part of Wales; and, my father says, the most beautiful and romantic spot he ever saw. Dearest lady Frances, let your friendly charity extend to me:—accompany me, if you can. You will soothe my soul to peace, for I now am miserable beyond expression! wretched! more so than Rivers himself, for he cannot feel the full extent of his horrid situation. He is mad—quite mad."

#### THE INTREATY.

Mrs. Templar herself transcribed an account of the above melancholy tale, and joined Lady Frances in earnest intreaty for the consent of the Countess, that her niece might accompany Miss Percival into Wales.

"I have long wished," said Mrs. Templar, "to see that romantic county; and now humanity, as well as pleasure, induces me to request you will not oppose our journey; for the mind of the self-upbraided Miss Percival will be relieved, and she may in time be restored to her former tranquility.

#### THE INTERVAL.

As soon as Mrs. Templar had dispatched the letters, it was determined by the ladies in the interval, till an answer from the Countess arrived, they would visit the village. "I have not forgot my little boy, and William," said Lady Frances. "Nor have I forgot the farmer's nephew," said Mrs. Templar; "and I hope to make him remember me, as long as he lives."

The ladies set off next day, and at some distance from the village left their carriage, and walked to the woman's house, for privacy. The moment Harry saw them, he

was running to his friend William. Lady Frances stopped him. "Where are you going, Harry?" To tell William to come and thank you." "I hope, Harry, you always do as you are bid." "Yes, sometimes; only when I fight boys, when my mammy bids me not:—but I only fight them when they plague the dogs, and cats, and throw stones at the horses and cows." "Good child," said Mrs. Templar. "But do you love William?" said Lady Frances. "Yes ma'am—I love William better than any body, only my mammy and you; because you are good to William." "Well then, if you love William, you must go to him, and tell him to come here;—but Harry, take notice, no thanks." "But, pray ma'am, who must he thank?" "God." "Oh, but he says God sent you; and I don't see God, I only see you." "Go," said his mother, "and do what the lady bids you." Harry did not require a second bidding. Glad to bear the happy tidings to William, he seemed to skim over the earth. "Oh, my dear daddy William, you must come to my mammy's house. But you are not to thank the lady that sent you the gold money; if you do, she will be angry with me." William, from his enlarged knowledge of the world, was convinced it must be a noble heart that could, unsolicited, relieve with such delicate generosity, the helpless stranger. He was not surprised at the restraint laid upon him by this message, but attended the lady's commands immediately.

Notwithstanding the very high opinion lady Frances and Mrs. Templar had conceived of William from the character they had heard of him, they were much surprised at the address and appearance of this venerable old man, so very

much superior to their expectations.

"I have sent to inquire of you," said Lady Frances, "If it will be agreeable to you to take the charge of this little favorite of mine, whose mother has resigned him to my care." This mode of befriending William, Lady Frances adopted for the purpose of sparing his feelings. "I do not mean," she continued, "to fatigue you with teaching him, but to see that those whom I shall appoint, do their duty by him. And, as I understand, two miles from this there is a capital town, where he can be taught every thing that is at present necessary. I shall establish a credit for that purpose; and should any unforeseen accident happen to me, I will take care that a certain sum shall be paid to you quarterly that you may not be exposed to any inconvenience for having obliged me."

William bowed. Speak he did not—but his countenance expressed more than the most eloquent language could convey. "Now said Mrs. Templar, we will go immediately and settle every thing. I shall employ a proper person to chastise Mr. Win's relation; and you will have an opportunity of fixing William and the child."

The woman at this changed countenance. "I hope," said Lady Frances, "the disposition I have proposed is entirely agreeable to you." She answered, Yes; but begged to speak to her ladyship. As soon as they were alone, the woman burst into tears. "I am afraid, my lady, you will be very angry with me, but I will speak the truth." "A sure passport to my forgiveness," replied Lady Frances. "The child is not mine." "Not your's! whose is he then?" "I do not know, madam. My brother, who is a gentleman's servant,

servant, came to me when I was myself in service in London. "Sally," he said, "I have often heard you wish to leave service and go into business: Now, if the proposal I have to make should be agreeable to you, it will be of more consequence to you than you can think." Well, said I, what is it? "Why," says he, "I am going abroad with a gentleman for a year or two. Now, if you will take the charge of a child I shall bring to you, I will put you into any business you please, and give you a hundred guineas to go on with." But suppose you should never return, said I. "O," says he, "there is no fear of that. But, if any accident should happen, I will give you a direction to a merchant in the city who is to supply you with any thing you will want." So, my lady, I was very glad, and got a situation immediately. My brother brought me the child (he was then about a year and a half old), and told me he would write to me as soon as he got settled abroad. The business answered, and I was doing very well indeed, when, to my great misery, a fire happened in the street where I lived and burnt down several houses; among the rest, mine, and every thing in it, for it was as much as I could do to save Harry and myself.

"I went to the house of the mer-

chant I had a direction to: but he was dead, and nobody knew any thing of my brother (for it was his name I was to mention). I thought I now must have gone distracted. However, luckily I had sent to a friend thirty pounds of the money, who immediately paid it to me; and a relation of her's dying, who kept this shop, she advised me to take it; and here I have lived, and done all I could to take care of my poor Harry."

"But, did your brother leave you no direction where you should find him?" "No, my lady. Nor would he tell me the name of the gentleman." Then I suppose you do not know the name of the child?" "Only Harry." "Well," said Lady Frances, "whoever his parents are, his education shall not disgrace the highest rank in life; and you may be perfectly easy, I will take care you shall not be blamed for giving the child to me. But, as it is no doubt your wish to be near Harry, if you meet with a situation that will be agreeable in the town of —, I desire you to take it; and I will give orders to the person that is to pay William the child's salary, to advance any thing reasonable to assist you."

Mrs. Templar and Lady Frances soon arranged every thing to their satisfaction."

(To be continued.)

## MEMOIR of the late THOMAS SHERIDAN, Esq.

AT the revival of the Tragedy of Mahomet, under Mr. Sheridan's management, party disputes ran so high in Dublin, that when Mr. Digges spoke the following speech in *Alcanor*—

— If, ye Powers Divine,

Ye mark the movements of this aether world,

And bring them to account! crush  
crush those vipers,

Who, singled out by the community,  
To guard their rights, shall for a grasp of  
ore,

Or paltry office, sell them to the foe—

the audience *encored* it, and the performer obeyed their order, but previously to the repetition of this tragedy

gedy, Mr. Sheridan summoned all his company in the Green Room, and delivered the following speech to them, which shewed the knowledge he had of his profession, as well as his extreme caution in doing all in his power as a manager, to prevent the abuse of it:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

I do not pretend to dictate to you in your private capacities. All who are born under our happy constitution have a right to think as they please, and speak their sentiments, provided they are not repugnant to the laws of the land, and the rules of civil government; but in your *theatrical character*, I have an undoubted right at least to advise you. I lay it down, then, as a maxim, that the business of an

actor is to divest himself as much as possible of his private sentiments, and to enter with all the spirit he is master of, into the character he represents; and this is an indisputable claim which the public in general have upon him. But if an actor, in order to please part of that public, should, by any *unusual emphasis, gesture, or significant look*, mark out a passage in his part (which at another juncture he would pass by lightly) as a *party stroke*; he, in that instance, steps out of the feigned character into his natural one; than which nothing can be more disgusting or insolent to any auditor who came with no other intent, but that of seeing the play."

## ALEXIS: Or, The COTTAGE in the Woods.

(Continued from page 28.)

### PART SECOND.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE HISTORY OF DORANCE CONCLUDED.

ALEXIS LEAVES THE COTTAGE.

**T**HUS I lived six months with my spouse in the sweetest intimacy. Little Clara was growing apace; Adela loved her dearly, and gave her leave to call her *mama*, and often called her daughter. For my own part, I made use of the same expressions to the child, who was beloved by every one; she gave tokens of bright parts and a good heart; we resolved to begin her education, and to put her in a convent. At that time my wife presented me with a son—A son! forgive me, if my heart sighs at this name!—Alas! it re-opens my wounds!—Here begins the career of my atrocities: O my children, how you will detest me!

I had no profession, and was a father: this sacred title roused my emulation. I was informed, that the person who purchased my father's charge had since died, and that the precedence was again vacant. Ambitious of occupying a post in which my ancestors had distinguished themselves, I imparted my design to my spouse. She would not, at first, give her consent: undoubtedly because she would not live in a town which would always call to her remembrance her transgressions. Yet, after all, she consented, and we set out. My spouse nursed her son, we took him with us, and went to settle at Grenoble; but it was decreed that it should not remain long my abode.

We had now been a week at Grenoble; I was busy with courting the head magistrates for the object of

of my ambition, when I received one day a large parcel in form of a letter. A cold sweat came forth from my pores, and set all my body on a tremble; a fatal presentiment seemed to forewarn me not to open the papers. I was alone: judge of my despair, upon reading these words.

*"Paris, &c. &c."*

"Sir, (for no longer must I call you friend,) I am at the period when mortal man is to give his account before the supreme judge of all the actions of his life! There is in me but a spark of life, which is ready to extinguish as soon as my heart has made you a confession both of my guilt and my remorse. These moments are precious, attend to me! I have betrayed, deceived and insulted you—You gave me your confidence, now judge if I deserved it! That pretended Rosina who loved me, and whom I adored, was no other than your Adela!—Yes, it is your spouse herself whom I have seduced! O heaven! I can foresee your indignation! I have deserved it, oh yes, well have deserved it! Little Clara is the daughter of your spouse and your perfidious friend. Even your son himself is not your's!—I was secretly at Paris; we could have met every day at—but I cannot say more—remorse bids me forbear. This confession, far from giving me ease, depresses my heart. Adieu, divine justice calls me!—I hear her voice—she thunders, she strikes me!—Adela's letters and my own, which I have enclosed together will but too much unravel that guilty intrigue.—The person to whom I dictate my last words, will enclose this parcel, and when it will reach you, the treacherous, the criminal Duverly shall be no more!"

I read with sudden and eager curiosity the letters of my perfidious spouse, whose hand-writing I recognized. Imagine to yourselves my rage, my anguish, my despair! Adela had deceived me!—these two children, Clara and Julius—were Duverly's: I had been duped!—I shall not attempt to paint to you my transports.—I ran with precipitation up stairs into my spouse's apartment.—O new terror—she is gone! she has fled!—she took the young child with her! I find a paper on a table, I open it and read.

"Fly, unfortunate Adela; your husband knows all!—Fly, and know thy ancient friend Des Roches by the service she renders you."

And lower down, with Adela's own hand:

"Farewel, dear Dorance, farewell! you will never see again a too culpable spouse!"

I left the room quite furious!—I made inquiries: some persons pointed out to me as nearly as they could, the road which the carriage had pursued; I mounted on horseback, and fled with the greatest rapidity. At twilight I reached the entrance of the forest. A countryman supposing I looked for something, calls out; "Is not it a carriage you want, sir? look, it went that way."—I clapped spurs to my horse, and perceived at some distance in the middle of the road, a carriage which seemed to stop; the more I approached, the more I could distinguish it: it is my own, my worthless spouse is in it, Germain drives her; Germain, whom I always thought so faithful! He betrays me, he drives Adela—whither?—no doubt to her lover.—I approach closer to the carriage, which had overturned. Adela had left it, she knows me, she falls at my feet,

feet, she presents her son—O scene of horror!—Dare I proceed?—No, perfidious woman, cried I, no pardon to a wretch!—I unsheathed my sword, and plunged it several times into the body of the unhappy woman and her infant!—Great God! who inspired me with such fury? Hell! yes, hell alone guided my arm. Germain runs, he has not time to disarm me.—Tremble too for thy own safety, thou wretch! Oh! My dear master, she is not guilty.—But too much, replies Adela, with a dying voice, weltering in her blood, yes, I deserve my fate; but, cruel man, what has thy son done?—He is thy son, and thou becomest his executioner!—Is this my son! darest thou say it?—Alas! heaven be my witness, I never saw Duv-erly since I first joined you at Paris! He has been in America ever since!—O heaven! can it be true!—Gracious God! let my innocence be known to him, and may he one day drop a tear upon the tomb of the unhappiest of mothers!

She expires!—Her son is in her arms lifeless!—Germain embraces the two corpses, and bathes them in his tears! He sees me attempt to thrust the same sword, reeking with gore, into my breast!—O unjustest of men, exclaimed he, wresting the fatal weapon from my hands, O most cruel of husbands, of fathers! detest now your cruelty!—Know all—Adela, this morning came to me, Germain, said she, save my life, save thy master's. —I have committed a horrid crime before I married him. He has just been informed of it, the conduct which I have since adopted, will not suffice to shelter me from his just resentment.—Oh conduct me to some sacred asylum: Give me time to disarm his anger.—In

vain did I represent to her the dangers this proceeding would expose me to, her tears, her intreaties, (she was almost at my feet); and having heard that you was in pursuit of us made me comply. I drove her as far as this forest, to conceal ourselves for some hours: but believe me she was virtuous with you!—Oh! I swear, I swear she was virtuous.

Despair succeeded the most poignant sorrow, I wept bitterly. Dear victims, said I, leaning on the poplar beneath which these two deplorable victims were laying: ah! could you hear my voice! could I restore you to life at the expense of my own!—Just God! could you permit a deed so black, so atrocious? Alas! what cruelty, what infernal cruelty.

Favored by the shades of night, Germain and I dragged the two corpses to a neighbouring cavern. There I sat down by them, and swore not to leave them to my last breath. In vain Germain attempted to make me return to Grenoble; I was deaf to all his entreaties, and had it not been for the zeal of this faithful servant, I would have made away with a life, stained by the most abominable of crimes. Germain, said I, in a moment of calm, men have betrayed me: I will fly from them, I will inhabit this forest; here I shall be with my wife and son; here, far from all social intercourse, I will deplore my crime and my family. Germain consented, he pledged himself to keep the strictest secrecy about this dreadful accident, and it was agreed, that next day I should go to Grenoble, to settle all my affairs, and to engage a clever and discrete artist to erect this cottage, of which I myself had drawn a plan.

This hope circulated in my veins like

like the most precious balm: We spent that night in the forest, and, after having sat by the precious remains of two beings so dear to me, we set out for town, in the same post chaise, which had, the preceding day, carried my spouse and son. I waited immediately upon the duke de —, then governor of Dauphiny, who was at that time at Grenoble: I informed him, that certain misfortunes, which I could not explain, had determined me to retire from the world, and for that reason I humbly supplicated his permission and leave to build a retreat in the forest of Chamborane. This nobleman, who had known me from my infancy, and loved me much, made use of all his rhetoric to dissuade me from so singular a project; but finding his advice would be to no purpose, he readily granted my request, and added to it another architect, a man of abilities and tried fidelity, who seconded my project with the highest discretion, so that the town and all other adjacent places, knew nothing of my undertaking. I ordered the fatal poplar, a witness to my barbarity, to be transplanted into my garden, and you, my children, know it well, it is to this hour stained with blood. Let us now turn our eyes, if possible, from this dreadful picture!

While the cottage and its premises were building, I remained in the cavern, which contained the bodies of Adela and Julius. I had them embalmed, and put in a coffin, made of a very hard sort of wood, lined on the inside with a kind of pitch, which kept out the air and humidity. It is the very same cavern in which Alexis to day sheltered himself from the storm. A subterranean passage leading from this cave conducts to it, and

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every night I visit it to shed tears! When the cottage was finished, I procured all the necessary furniture which you often see, and came to conclude my life within its walls. I was but too sure of Adela's innocence: Among her papers I found a letter from Duverly, dated some weeks before the perpetration of my crime, purporting, that he had settled five years since, in the province of North Carolina in America, and wished constant happiness might attend her, me, and his little Clara, whom he recommended to her maternal care!—From this it appears, that Adela had not seen him since our re-union at Paris; thus I immolated my own son on the bosom of his mother!—O inexhaustible source of remorse!

It is nevertheless a plain fact that the perfidious Duverly intended to disturb the peace of our family. Why did he send Adela's letters, and unveil her crime?—Why would he blacken that unfortunate woman with the most odious calumny!—Why feign to be on his death-bed, while it was a mere fiction (as Mrs. des Roches, by a note, has informed me since, that I had no occasion to trouble myself about Duverly, he being settled in North Carolina.) Although it be true that the fatal letter was not of his own writing, yet he dictated it! It was a trait of blackness in that infernal villain to destroy my peace and the honor of my spouse. He did it, seemingly, to be revenged on her, because she had entirely banished him from her presence. What light could I draw from this chaos of thoughts! All my fury, all my resentment, were kindled against Duverly—I conceived the most barbarous project! He has a daughter, said I, she is in my power. She believes I

am

am her father: Let her grow up in this belief—I will go to seek Duverly in every quarter of the globe: I will restore him his daughter; but when I restore her, my dagger shall pierce her a thousand times in his own sight!—Yes, my wife, yes, my son: This is the vengeance decreed to your bloody manes. Duverly, who made me commit the greatest outrage against nature, I will punish with the same blow.

I fetched Clara immediately from the convent, to live in the cottage with Germain and me. You have trembled, my children, at the phrenzy which misled my reason. Ah! I blush, and will be ashamed of it all the days of my wretched life!—Yes, Clara, behold your benefactor; he only brought you up to be his victim: But how much has your sweetness, your lovely temper, discomfited his bloody design!—Ah, forgive him! your father is the cause of all my ills: Him alone I do charge with all the weight of my hatred! But shall for ever be the dearest object of my tenderness!

Alexis, you have now heard the story of my misfortunes: They seemed to excite your pity, prove it then, in revenging my crime!—“Upon whom?”—“How can you ask!”—“O heaven! upon Clara’s father!”—“Has he ever proved himself her father?”—“O God, what a demand!—The hand of Clara is the destined reward!”—“What do I hear,” interrupted the latter.—“What, sir, are you so cruel as to promise my hand to the wretch who murders my father?—Clara must deserve to expect of you such sentiments.”—“Who is your father? is it a base seducer who dishonored your mother, or is it her true and generous husband, who received you as his

child, who brought you up, and of whose misfortune your birth is the only cause?”—“Where am I,” replied Clara, O God! what an abyss of crimes does surround me! am I then born for crimes?”—“Germain,” continues Dorance, “Germain, this is the period to execute our design. Let us spill those drops of a blood devoted to my hatred, sprung from the veins of the most inveterate of enemies!”—“Away, barbarous ruffians, how dare you?”—“Clara,” replied Dorance, “be docile, second my wishes, ah! I will not have thy life; thou art too dear to me, but leave me my vengeance, leave it me, it is my only treasure.”

Clara, sinking under the weight of grief, remained motionless, her lovely head hung over her woe-fraught bosom; she was a prey to sighs and sobs. The vindictive old man laid hold of the hand of Alexis, and said to him: Go, my son, go and seek Duverly all over the world. To-morrow, when dawn ushers in the fresh morn, thou shalt set out, and never return to this mansion, but with the traitor’s head—his head in hand—mark me: This is my command, this is the will of a friend, who has by his generosity proved a father to thee!

Alexis, trembling with indignation, could not utter a word: Dorance and Germain rise, they take the coffin on their shoulders, and having given each of the young people a flambeau, they ascend the stairs of the cave, cross the garden, and let down their noble burden under the great poplar.

Night, with the thickest sable array, governed the forest. The light of the flambeaus having roused the birds perching on the neighbouring trees, they suddenly cleave the air with anxious wings, fluttering

ing a thousand sinistrous shrieks, which were re-echoed incessantly by the bird of night.

Our four hermits having arrived at the great poplar tree; Dorance addresses them: Here, said he, here is the place where my desperate hand plunged a dagger into the heart of a spouse and a son!—Here is that bloody steel still stained with blood; the most precious, the most innocent blood! O my wife! thy head was leaning here, against the bark of this tree, here thou hast fallen, thy eyes looked tenderly on me, thou possessedst my hand and expired! Wilt thou forgive thy butcher? And thou, unhappy creature, that had scarce a vital spark; Julius, my poor little Julius, what hadst thou done!—Here they are, Clara! Behold them, Alexis, in this coffin!—They groan, I hear their voice! it calls vengeance! You shall be revenged, sacred ashes! God speaks to the heart of Alexis: He arms his hand! Clara herself will encounter him to avenge the cause of a mother, of a brother, and a generous benefactor! no, it is not thy seducer. O most unfortunate Adela; it is not thy seducer who gave her life! it is thee, it is from thy bosom she received life! Oh! let her see thee! let her hear thy voice from the hollow bier!—Be appeased, unhappy family! Ah, you break my heart!

The old man threw himself upon the coffin, Clara falls down prostrate, and both utter cries as would have moved the most flinty heart! but what became of our young couple, when Dorance, opening the coffin, exposed to their sight two embalmed mummies, covered with wounds? Clara reels and drops senseless to the ground: the old man burns some incense, covers again the frightful corpses, and tak-

ing Alexis by the hand: every year, said he, we bring hither these sad remains, and mourn over them! O Alexis, Alexis, will you disappoint the hopes of my old age? Take this steel, take it: make it pierce the perfidious Duverly: go, my son, the dawn is nigh, take this gold; it will keep you from want, and come back to the cottage. If I am gone, you will find your Clara, you will find her, she is to give you her hand, it is my will.—Am I? exclaimed Clara, no, never, never!—Alexis, whither will you my dear Alexis?—To die far from you, replies the latter! Yes, I quit forever an odious abode! O Dorance, is it thus you will insnare my innocence?—If we punish crimes, do we cease to be virtuous?—Sigh no more, my dear Clara: never shall my hand attempt thy father's life!—Take this my promise: Young man, interrupted Dorance, where are your oaths? have you already forgot that you pledged your honour?—Ah! give me enemies more entitled to be the objects of my prowess.—What? should I be a base assassin? Who desires it! Challenge him to single combat, and gain the victory.

Dorance added a thousand other persuasives, each specious than the other, in order to determine Alexis to espouse his cause; but he could not succeed. Our young hero had too high a sense of feeling and delicacy to become an instrument of crime. Meanwhile Dorance and Germain lowered the draw-bridge, and Alexis left the cottage, in spite of the cries and tears of Clara, whom the two old men detained and carried to her apartment. Alexis still hears her voice, which made his heart bleed. We shall leave her for a moment, to see what becomes of our hero upon leaving the cottage.

He

He first felt an emotion of joy at seeing himself thus restored to freedom; he surveyed for some time the walls of the place, which had during a twelvemonth, been his abode! A little uneasy about Clara's fate, he sat down upon the brink of the fosse and gave vent to his tears. At different intervals he heard the sound of her voice; words unconnected reached his ears—*Tyrants, let me die!—Is he then going to murder him? Alexis, thy heart is not capable of it!—Shall I then see him no more? &c. &c.* Alexis, quite in emotion, rises of a sudden: Some subtil thought had entered his mind: If the drawbridge was to be lowered again!—Were they to compel me to return!—Love yielded to fear and the horrors which surrounded him: His heart was depressed, he takes to his heels and runs till he quite

lost sight of the baleful mansion which he quitted with such a deal of pleasure. What a cruel man, said he, is that Dorance! What service did he exact of me! O my God, I still tremble. But Clara, poor Clara is confined there for life! Would to God I could deliver and take her with me! She is not his daughter, nay, what say I, a man who has a design on her father's life, has forfeited all claims to so virtuous a heart.

Alexis hastened over hedges and bushes, he knew not whither to direct his road, and reflected upon what he should do, when a singular noise was heard near him underground. The trees shook their tops, an abyss opens its jaws—heaven, what is he to see? What new adventure is he run to encounter?

(To be continued.)

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## On the CHOICE of a HUSBAND.

By Mrs. BONNOTE.

**D** ID young people seriously consider the important change which marriage must necessarily produce in their situation, how much more cautious would it make them in forming their choice of a companion for life? Alas! what avail the graces of the finest figure, the most captivating address, the assemblage of all that is ensnaring, if the heart is depraved, or the conduct imprudent. The gayest associate of the convivial hour may be the dullest, the most unfit companion for the domestic circle: And he, who is not satisfied but in a crowd, or when engaged in a continual round of pleasure, is very unlikely to make a tender and prudent husband.

Should sickness or distress draw near, depend upon it he will fly from their approach. If beauty alone excited his passion, it will cease to exist when you are deprived of those attractions on which it was founded. If fortune was his inducement, that will likewise soon lose its value in his sordid mind; and the very person who brought him the wealth for which he sighed, will be considered as the grand obstacle to its enjoyment.

Too often is this unpleasant picture to be seen in many discontented families, which a little serious reflection might have prevented being so unfortunately realized. Never be prevailed upon to yield your heart to any one, however  
he

he may shine in the gay circles of the world, if you are convinced that he has no relish for the enjoyment of retired life. The man who loves every house better than his own, scarcely takes the trouble of making home agreeable to others; whilst it is disgusting to himself, it will be the only place in

which he will give way to his discontent and ill humour. Such people are forever strangers to the dear delights of social state, and all the real comforts of a well regulated family. He that is indiscriminately at home is never at home, and he feels himself a stranger or a visitor amidst his closest connexions.

## The POOR PARIA.

(Concluded from page 15.)

THE following morning, at the break of day, the Doctor was awaked by the singing of birds, perched among the branches of the Indian fig-tree, and by the voices of the Paria and his wife, who were addressing their morning prayers to Heaven.

He rose, and was much concerned, when, on the Paria's opening the door to wish him good morrow, he perceived that the conjugal bed was the only one in the house, and that they had watched all night themselves, to afford him the means of repose.

When they had repeated the salam, they hastened to prepare his breakfast, whilst he went to take a turn in the garden. He found it, like the cottage, surrounded with plantations of the Indian fig-tree, so thickly interwoven with each other, that they formed a fence impenetrable to the eye. He could only perceive, above their foliage, the red flanks of the rocks, that hemmed in the valley on every side, and from whence flowed a small rivulet, that watered this agreeably irregular garden.

The palms, cocoa trees, those of the orange, with the bamboos, laurels, bananas, and many other productions of the vegetable kingdom, were interspersed as in the

wild variety of nature, and all were loaded either with fruits or flowers. Even their very trunks were covered; the beetle twined round the lofty palm, and the pepper-plant clung to the sugar-cane, perfuming the whole air with their odours.

Although most of the trees were as yet in shadow, the first beams of the morning already began to illumine their tops; and the humming birds, sparkling like rubies and topazes, were already fluttering about their branches, whilst, hid beneath the dewy leaves, the bengali, and sensa-soula, or bird of five hundred tongues, sung over their nests in sweetly responsive concert.

The Doctor was walking in this charming retreat, free from all thoughts of science and ambition, when the Paria came to invite him to breakfast.

"Your garden is delightful," said the Englishman; "the only fault I find with it, is its being too little: if I were you, I would add a bowling-green, and extend it further into the forest."

"The less room we take up," answered the Paria, "the more easily we find shelter: a leaf suffices for the nest of the humming bird."

They

They then entered the cottage, where they found the Paria's wife, who had already prepared the breakfast, giving suck to her child in a corner of the room. After a silent repast, the Doctor was going to leave them :—"My honoured guest," said the Paria, "the country is overflowed with last night's rain, and the roads are impassable : stay the day with us."

"I cannot," said the Doctor, "I have too many people with me."

"I see," replied the Paria, "that you are in haste to quit the country of the Bramins, to return to that of the Christians, whose religion makes all mankind live like brothers."

"The Englishman sighed, and rose up. The Paria then made a sign to his wife, who with her eyes cast down, and without speaking a word, presented a basket of fruit and flowers to the Doctor. "We beg you, sir," said the Paria, "to excuse our poverty : we have neither aloes-wood nor ambergris, to perfume our guests, according to the custom of India ; but I hope you will not despise this little basket of fruit, filled by the hands of my wife ; it contains no poppies ; but jessamine and bergamots, of which the lasting perfume is the symbol of our affection, that will remain, when we shall see you no more."

The Doctor took the basket, and said to the Paria, "I cannot sufficiently thank you for your hospitality, nor express the esteem with which you have inspired me : accept this gold watch ; it is made by Graham, the most famous watch-maker of London, and requires winding up only once a year."

"Sir," answered the Paria, "we have no use for your watch : we have one which goes forever, and is never out of order : I mean, the sun."

"My watch strikes the hours," added the Doctor.

"Our birds sing them," replied the Paria.

"At least," said the Doctor, "take these strings of coral, to make red necklaces for your wife and child."

"My wife and child," answered the Paria, "will never want red necklaces, as long as our garden shall produce Angola peas."

"Accept, then," said the Doctor, "these pistols, to defend you in your solitude, against the attacks of robbers."

"Our poverty," said the Paria, "is a rampart that keeps robbers at a distance ; the silver with which your arms are ornamented, would suffice to bring them hither. In the name of that God who protects us, and from whom we expect our recompense, do not deprive us of the merit of our hospitality."

"I should be glad, however," said the Englishman, "that you would have something of mine as a keep-sake."

"Well, my guest," answered the Paria, "since you desire it, allow me to propose an exchange : give me your pipe, and accept mine : as often as I shall smoke in yours, I shall recollect, that an European Pandect did not disdain the hospitality of a poor Paria."

The Doctor immediately presented him with his pipe, of English leather, of which the mouth-piece was of yellow amber, and received in return that of the Paria, made of bamboo, with a bowl of baked earth.

He then called his people, who were half dead with the bad night they had passed, and having embraced the Paria, got into his palanquin. The Paria's wife stood weeping at the door of the cottage, with

with her child in her arms ; but her husband accompanied the Doctor to the extremity of the wood. —“ May God reward you,” said he, “ for your kindness to the unfortunate ! May he accept me as a sacrifice in your stead ! and may he conduct you in safety to England, to that land of sages and of friends, who seek truth all over the world, for the happiness of mankind.”

The Doctor made answer, “ I have wandered over half the globe, and have seen nothing but error and discord : in your cottage alone have I found happiness and truth.” Both of them shed tears at parting ; and when the Doctor was far advanced in the plain, he still saw the good Paria at the foot of a tree, waving his hand, to bid him farewell.

The Doctor, on his return to

Calcutta, took shipping for Chander-nagore, from whence he set sail for England. As soon as he reached London, he delivered the ninety bales of manuscripts to the president of the Royal Society, by whom they were deposited in the British Museum, where the learned have still recourse to them, for the purpose of making extracts, translations, concordances, strictures, criticisms, and pamphlets. As to the Doctor, he kept for himself the three answers of the Paria concerning truth. He often smoked in his pipe ; and when any one asked him what was the most useful knowledge he had acquired in his travels, he answered, “ truth must be sought with a simple heart : it is only to be found in nature, and should be told to the good alone :” to which he added, “ a man is never so happy as with a good wife.”

### On CONSOLATION.

**T**O suffer, is the lot of mortality. Some feel misfortunes soon, and others experience afflictions late. To be prepared for the worst is consolation, when to be unprovided brings despair.

The hero of to-day may be a wretch to-morrow ; and he who looks with calmness upon misery now, may not have the ability to partake of happiness hereafter.

The mind should fortify itself against adversity, should apportion its hopes of comfort to its powers of sustaining it, and should drive forward, with a calm and patient resignation, to that end, which from infirmities and age cannot be far removed. It should not be diverted from its course by the transitory enjoyment of the present time, nor be deluded by the fortuitous

expectation of what may come : but should be like the traveller, who, winding his way over rocks and precipices, looks not aside for more easy descents and enlivening views, but boldly pushes forward to that point to which the object of his journey tends.

The miseries of life would be great indeed, did we add, by complaints and imaginary evils, to the accumulation of them. It better becomes a good man, to sustain the shock with resignation, than to arraign that power against whose fiat it is impious to contend.

To an invidious and malignant disposition, it may be matter of regret to see fortune smile upon the endeavours of others, to hear that contentment marks their means, and that happiness surrounds their dwellings

dwelling; to be assured that their minutes pass with cheerfulness, their days with comfort, and their nights with peace; and that the year hath closed without the intervention of a single loss, or the painful interruption of a domestic feeling! But how long shall he who enjoys this state be certain of its duration? If we meet with afflictions in life, (and who can say that he shall be exempted from them)? We should endeavour to apply our cases to those of others; to sustain ourselves by the same motives of patience, to support ourselves by the same arguments of consolation, and to try, as they perhaps have done, to strike out from our misfortunes the anticipation of our future good: for however selfish grief may be, it can by comparison be made less pungent; and we may be at length inclined to acknowledge, that others have suffered more, and under less ability of animal spirits to endure; and who have not only sunk down under their loss without a tear, but have not even ventured to murmur or repine.

There are certainly trials in life of so particular and melancholy a nature, as to require the utmost exertions of manhood and of reason to sustain, and which, if we did not feel, we ought to be deprived of the common blessings of humanity.

The Almighty Power, out of his infinite wisdom, has been pleased to mingle the smile of joy with the tear of grief; and, no doubt corrects the one by the sensations of the other; and, with the vicissitudes of sunshine and of clouds, illuminates or blanks this mortal scene. The animal spirits cannot long sustain a tempest of happiness; our most rapturous sensations must weary with enjoyment, and sink,

like the overlaboured ocean, to langour, and to peace. The asperities of sorrow must at last be worn down by time and reflection; and perhaps the most exquisite sensation of the mind, is that which is softened by the remembrance of sufferings past, when those sufferings are become, by a trial of our resignation, a never failing source of comfort to us. If a drop of oil, comparatively speaking, can spread a calmness on the sea, how much ought the oil of patience to allay the tumult of the mind! and surely we must feel ourselves degraded, if we suffer experiment in artificial causes, to triumph over the reason of an human soul.

One of the greatest afflictions in life, is certainly that which deprives us of what may be our future comfort in it. A man who is advanced in years, looks not for support from his present resources, but from the affection and duty of a rising generation, whose strength may uphold his weakness, whose vivacity may divert his gloom, and whose looks of innocence, and whose smiles of truth, may enlighten the scenes around him. The tender passions, at this season, having been softened into friendship, burst out afresh, but chastened and refined in the representative portraiture of what he was: He traces with tenderness his former delights, in the present occupations of his children; and he observes the same manners, the same habits, the same amusements, and the same pursuits in his rising hopes, that he fondly conceived had actuated his early years. The idea of what he was, being awakened by the representation before him, he flatters his self-love with every charm of beauty, and with every blush

blush of innocence, and gives himself credit for the future crops of genius and virtue that may arise, to flatter his ideas with reflected immortality.

There are afflictions of such a nature, that they comprehend the whole scale of humanity; they extend to all ranks and conditions of men; they equally affect the lettered and the unlearned; and there are but few, I should think, who would push their views beyond the common appurtenances and consolations of life, did they not please themselves with the ideas of descent, and a long continuance of relative inheritance. For posterity, ambition, fights, and avarice accumulates; and, were it not for this incentive, what numbers of families would live without exertion, and die without a name!

The necessary comforts which the decline of life requires, are too few to be made the subject of serious complaint. A small prop will support a tottering building: but if that be taken away, it falls indeed, with ruin, to the ground. If, therefore, at this advanced period of mortality, when our weakness is obliged to have recourse to external means of consolation, a friend, a brother, a sister, or a wife be taken from us; and if we add, to increase this melancholy list, the death of a favorite, and an only child—the crutch that sustained our decaying nature, drops at once; and till reason can be introduced, despair takes possession of the mind, and engulfs every sentiment, every passion, in its unhappy vortex.

This last is a stroke that cracks the very heart-strings of life, that confounds religion and philosophy, and almost makes a man forget the dignity of his nature, and the end of his existence; and yet there are those who would endeavour to

console the desponding mourner, upon this melancholy occasion, with the coldness of pity, and the authority of regard;—but alas! the voice of comfort is rarely heard, amidst the torrent of tears, and the tumult of groans; on the contrary, the more we attempt to restrain the first paroxysms of sorrow, the more impatient and intemperate it becomes; until, like a cataract confined within artificial bounds, it rises to a certain height, then bursts, and carries terror and desolation in its course.

When the soul is overlaboured with affliction, it should be rather soothed in its appetite of sorrow, than diverted from it; as more real consolation will be found from the consequence of tears, than from all the morality and eloquence of the schools. Every thing that can for a time increase the tenderness of grief, should be brought forward upon this occasion; the utmost luxury of this melting passion should be encouraged; and if these do not soften the heart of affliction through the eyes, the story of more frequent distress, and deeper affliction, if any there be, should be woven with the thread of friendship and compassion; and the more notorious and venerable the suffering object may be, the more will the recital and reflection of his miseries impress; and, if neither examples from modern nor pagan history will have effect, a sure and never-failing relief will be found in the holy writings—in the Proverbs of Solomon, the book of Job; and more particularly in that exquisitely tender and affecting lamentation of the psalmist David, his lamentation over the bodies of his beloved Saul and Jonathan.

It is an easy matter for those who have not suffered, to give advice upon

on this occasion ; but the feeling heart is alone capable of the pangs of sensibility. It is the duty of humanity and friendship, to try to restrain the violent intrusions of sorrow, and the gloomy threatenings of despair, by a participation at least of those afflictions which they cannot remove, or by bringing philosophy and reason to the aid of argument. The man of grief should however, endeavour at proper in-

tervals to probe his wounds, that he may the more easily receive the balm that is intended to be poured into them ; and should consider that what he feels has been the lot of thousands ; and that upon many the blow hath fallen, who, from infirmity, disease, and other accidental situations of body and of mind, had not the ability to sustain, much less the means to repel, the violence of the shock.



Dr. BELKNAP's LETTER to Dr. KIPPIS, Author of  
*Biographia Britannica.*

REV. SIR,

HAVING read, with great pleasure some of your writings, and having heard that you bear the character of great candour and goodness, as well as of indefatigable industry in searching after truth, it gave me very sensible mortification, to find in your life of Capt. Cook, an unmerited reproach cast on the Congress of the American states.

After reciting an order, issued by the late Dr. Franklin, acting as ambassador from America, in France, in the year 1779, when Captain Cook was expected to return, from his last voyage of discovery, to Europe, in which order the Dr. recommended to American cruizers, in case they should meet Capt. Cook at sea, to treat him not as an enemy, but as a friend ; and assuring them, "that in so doing they would not only gratify the generosity of their own dispositions, but *obtain the approbation of Congress,*" you remark as follows, viz.

"In the confidence which the Doctor expressed, with respect to the approbation of Congress, he happened to be mistaken ; as the

*Boston, April 4, 1795.*

members of that assembly, at least the greater part of them, were not possessed with minds equally enlightened, with that of their Ambassador. He was not supported by his masters in this noble act of humanity, of love to science and liberal policy. The orders he had given were instantly *reversed* ; and it was directed by Congress that especial care should be taken to *seize* Capt. Cook, if an opportunity of doing it occurred. All this proceeded from a false notion, that it would be injurious to the United States, for the English to obtain a knowledge of the opposite coast of America."

The unqualified assurance, with which you have introduced this assumed fact to public view, is the more extraordinary, as you might have been induced to suspect it, by inquiring of American gentlemen whom you have seen in England. Dr. ADAMS, the Vice-President of the United States, whilst he resided in London, could have undeceived you ; and I am assured that you had frequent opportunities of conversing with him. By the favour

of

of this gentleman, during the last session of Congress, and by information received from gentlemen, who were delegates to Congress in the year 1779 and '80, I have it in my power to produce the most satisfactory evidence, that the American Congress did not disapprove "the noble humanity, love to science and liberal policy of their Ambassador;" that they did not "reverse the orders which he had given;" and that they did not issue any "directions to seize Captain Cook, if an opportunity of doing it occurred;" and therefore that there is no ground for your reproachful charge against them, and the people whom they represented, as if they "were not possessed of minds equally enlightened with that of their Ambassador;" or that they entertained a false notion, that it would be injurious to the United States for the English to obtain a knowledge of the opposite coast of America."

The following papers containing the detail of my evidence, are respectfully submitted to the public; and I trust will produce conviction in your own, and in every candid mind, that you have been misinformed, with respect to what you have published as a fact. The originals are deposited in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

I am, Sir,

with much respect, your  
most obedient servant,

JEREMY BELKNAP,

Correl. Sec. of said Society.

REV. ANDREW KIPPIS, D. D.

(From the Vice-President.)

Philadelphia, Jan. 16, 1795.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter of the 2d was brought to me this morning, and

I thank you, for your attention to the reputation of our country.

I have shewn your letter to Mr. HENRY, Mr. ELLSWORTH, and other members of Congress in 1779 and '80, and there is not one, who remembers any thing like the account, which Dr. Kippis has given.

I will take other measures for ascertaining facts, and transmit the result to you, as soon as I can. Dr. Franklin's recommendation to American ships of war, to respect Captain Cook, as far as I remember any thing of it, was universally approved and applauded by all Americans, without exception.

I have often been a delighted hearer of Dr. KIPPIS in his pulpit, and have often met him in company at my own house and at the tables of other persons, and never without an high opinion of his candour, as well as his information. He has written nothing, I believe, but what he honestly tho't to be true; but he has been misinformed. I will do all, in my power, to enable you to undeceive him, and disabuse the public.

I am, &c.

JOHN ADAMS.

(From the Vice-President.)

Philadelphia, Jan. 23, 1795.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE delivered your letter to the Secretary of state, and he has caused the records to be searched; and the result is the report enclosed. I shall send you more on this subject; in the mean time you will preserve this.

With great regard, &c.

JOHN ADAMS.

Department of State, Jan. 22, 1795.

I hereby certify that I have carefully examined the records in the office of the department of state, and find no mention made therein of or concerning

concerning the directions issued in March 1779, by Dr. Franklin, then in France, to all commanders of armed ships in the American service, &c. as stated in Dr. Kippis' life of Capt. Cook.

GEORGE TAYLOR, jun. chief clerk.

(From the Vice-President to Mr. Madison)

*Philadelphia, Jan. 23, 1795.*

DEAR SIR,

WILL you be so good as to read the enclosed letter from Dr. Belknap, and tell me from your own recollection, of what passed in Congress in 1779, '80 and '81, whether there is any colour for the imputation cast on our country by Dr. Kippis. I often heard him in the pulpit, and frequently met with him in society, in London, and ever conceived and entertained a good opinion of his candour, and a great idea of his information. I doubt not, he wrote what he believed; but certainly, he has been misinformed.

I doubt not he will readily correct his error, as soon as he shall be convinced of it; and if you will be so obliging as to recollect what passed within your own knowledge, relative to Dr. Franklin's recommendation, and write it to me, I will convey it to Dr. Belknap, and take some other measures to shew that Dr. Franklin's liberality of sentiment was never censured, but on the contrary was admired by his fellow citizens.

I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN ADAMS.

(From Mr. Madison to the Vice-President.)

*Philadelphia, Feb. 3, 1795.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been induced to this delay in acknowledging your let-

ter of the 23d ult. enclosing one to you from Mr. Belknap, by a desire to obtain from my memory, all the information it might ever have possessed in relation to the error in Dr. Kippis' life of Capt. Cook.

I was not a member of Congress till March, 1780. It is probable therefore, that if the directions to American commanders, in favour of Capt. Cook, issued as is stated, in March, 1779, they must have been transmitted to that body and undergone its consideration, before I could have been present. After I became a member, nothing was ever done on the subject, as far as my memory can inform me. I do not even recollect that the subject ever fell incidentally under any public discussion. I have, however, a pretty strong impression, that it occasionally entered into the conversation of the members, as it often did into that of intelligent citizens out of doors; and that I never heard a sentiment uttered, which did not applaud the magnanimity of the idea, which considered Capt. Cook's expedition as consecrated to the general good of mankind, and consequently not included in the hostilities between particular nations.

With the highest respect and esteem, I have the honour to be, &c.

JAMES MADISON, jun.

P. S. I have shewn the above to Mr. Muhlenburg, the speaker, and to Mr. Boudinot, a member of the house of Representatives. The former was a member of Congress during the years 1779, '80 and '81; the latter from July 1780, to the peace in 1783. Both of them concur in what I have stated, and recollect nothing more particular on the subject.

(From

(From Governor Adams.)

*Boston, March 30, 1795.*

SIR,

I RECEIVED your note, stating what Dr. Kippis had asserted, respecting a recommendation of Dr. Franklin, minister from America in France, in the year 1779, to the American cruisers, to treat Capt. Cook, on his expected return from a voyage of discoveries, as a friend, and not an enemy; assuring them, that in so doing, they would obtain the approbation of Congress. But that the Dr. was mistaken, for that assembly, at least the greater part of them, instantly reversed the order of Dr. Franklin, and directed that a special order should be taken, to seize Capt. Cook, if an opportunity for doing it occurred.

You request me to give you a certificate respecting the matter, and to express the years when I was in Congress.

I was a member from the first sitting of Congress, in the year 1774, until the spring of the year 1781. It was my constant practice, once in twelve or fifteen months to make a short visit to my constituents. In the year 1779, I was detained in Boston a much longer time than usual, by a fit of sickness; in which time, I constantly received letters from Mr. Lovell, and my other colleagues, information of the most material transactions of Congress. I do now declare to you, that I do not recollect, either while I was present in Congress, or from any of my colleagues, while I was absent, that the orders he (Dr. Franklin) had given to the American cruisers were instantly or ever reversed, or that it was directed by Congress, that a special order should be taken to seize Capt. Cook, if an opportunity for so doing it occurred.

It appears to me that Dr. Kippis must have been misinformed.

I am, with respect,  
your friend and  
humble servant,

SAMUEL ADAMS.

REV. DR. BELKNAP.

(From James Lovell, Esq.)

*Boston, March 28, 1795.*

SIR,

HAVING been constantly upon duty as a member of Congress from the beginning of the year 1777 to the beginning of the year 1782, and, for the most part of that time, one of the committee of foreign affairs, and in some of the years upon a committee for publishing the Journals; and having also been individually in the habit of corresponding with Dr. Franklin during the whole period, I feel no hesitation in declaring the representation made by Dr. Kippis, in your extract before me, to be *false*, and though perhaps, not *malicious*, yet most *disreputably inadvertent* in him, as the author of *Biographia Britannica*. Dr. Franklin was so sure of the liberality of the government under which he was employed, that I doubt whether he thought it necessary even to send a copy of his orders, respecting Capt. Cook, for the inspection of Congress.

I am, Sir,

with much esteem,  
your humble servant,  
JAMES LOVELL.

REV. DR. BELKNAP.

(From Elbridge Gerry, Esq.)

*Cambridge, April 3, 1795.*

SIR,

IN compliance with the request of the President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, permit me to address you on the subject of an extract which he has transmitted to me

me from the *Biographia Britannica* of Dr. Kippis, who therein asserts, that "Dr. Franklin, acting as minister plenipotentiary from the United States, in the year 1779, recommended to American cruisers, if they should meet Captain Cook on a return from a voyage of discoveries, to treat him as a friend, and not as an enemy: that the Doctor was not supported by his masters in this noble act of humanity, of love to science, and of liberal policy; but that the orders he had given were instantly revoked; and it was directed by congress, that a special order should be taken to seize Captain Cook, if an opportunity for doing it occurred.

If such a measure had been adopted by congress, it probably would have occurred to me, as I was a member of that body, and constantly attended it, from September, 1776, to March, 1780; but I have no recollection of such an act, or of any measure similar to it: admitting, however, that it may have escaped my memory, it would certainly have appeared either on the public or private journals of congress, and I have the whole of the

former, and a copy of the latter, to the period last mentioned, but cannot find, in either of them, any such order as is mentioned by Dr. Kippis, or any entry which wears the semblance of it.

That congress therefore have neither passed or sanctioned such an order, I conceive is demonstrable; and if this unmerited aspersions is productive of disgrace, on whom does it devolve, unless on the author? if then, to justify his conduct in this instance, the Doctor should endeavour to shew that he has been grossly imposed on in point of fact, the public will determine whether this is a sufficient apology for his hasty and unjust reproach of the government of a nation; or whether, as a professed friend to liberality and candor, he ought not to have presumed that congress were incapable of such an illiberal act, until he possessed uncontested evidence to the contrary.

I have the honor to be, sir, your friend and very humble servant.

E. GERRY.

To the Rev. Dr. BELKNAP, Corresponding Secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

## READING MEMORANDUMS.

### I.

THE first *oath of allegiance* was in the seventh century invented by the holy fathers, established by their influence, and by their persuasion swallowed by the people. The occasion was this: Sisenand, the second Gothic king, who was in possession of all Spain, under the cloak of religion, the best for a tyrant, called a council at Toledo. Sixty four bishops, part Spanish and part French, composed this famous assembly. To render more

perfect the already perfect church was not the principal part of their intention, but to establish Sisenand on the throne. For king Suintilla, who had been dethroned by this rebel, being a worthy prince had many friends and some power. Now Sisenand having usurped the throne by means of Dagobert I. king of France, and having but little dependence on the fidelity of his subjects, it became necessary to invent some extraordinary means for his security. They formed the oath of

of allegiance : a thing till this time entirely unknown.

(*The oath itself is a curiosity. A copy of it is in the Monthly Review, Vol. 34. Page 548.*)

## II.

The society for reformation of manners was instituted in the reign of king William: A period when the licentious court of Charles II. had extended through the kingdom with the rapidity which the seductive manners of that reign, and the delusive splendor of vice will sufficiently explain.

## III.

The first authentic testimony of quills used for writing is in Isidorus, who died in 636.

Saddles were probably invented

in the 4th century. In 385 the emperor Theodosius ordered that no post horse should have a saddle weighing more than sixty pounds. No mention is made of *stirrups* before the sixth century ; nor of *horse-shoes* before the ninth.

(See "*Beytrage zur Geschichte der Erfindung*" or *sketches of a history of inventions*, by J. Beckmann. 1790.)

## IV.

*Cordwainer* seems to have no affinity to the occupation it is meant to express, that of a shoe-maker. But *Cordonier*, originally spelt *Corduanier*, is the French word for that trade, the best leather used for shoes coming originally from *Cordua* in Spain.

(*Antiquarian repertory. 4to 1779.*)

## An ADDRESS to YOUTH.

LET not the season of youth be barren of improvements in virtue, so essential to your future felicity and honor.—Now is the seed time of life ; and according to *what you sow, you shall reap*. Your character is now, under divine assistance, of your own forming ; your fate is, in some measure, put into your own hands. *Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue*. It will form the channel in which your life is to run ; nay it may determine its everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of the important period, as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you ; as, in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time, and in eternity. As, in the succession of the seasons each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the

productions of what is next in course : So, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood ; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in the summer there will be no beauty, and in Autumn there will be no fruit.—So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been *vanity*, its latter end can be no other than  *vexation of Spirit*.

The

## The SPECULATOR. No. VII.

*Quid iste fortis tumultus? Aut quid omnium  
Fultus in unum me truces?*

HORATIUS.

What can this hideous noise intend,  
On me what ghastly looks they bend?

FRANCIS.

**I** SHALL now, in conformity with the promise which I lately made my readers, introduce the following Ode to Superstition, illustrative of the idea entertained in the last Number of throwing the two species into immediate contrast.

## ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

WHAT dreadful shape was that; yon  
dismal cry

Strikes cold my fluttering soul,  
O God! some livid face and deadly eye  
Seems mid the dark to roll.

Avaunt! 'tis Superstition's horrid gloom,  
Delusive clouds the mind,  
Demon accurst! from Nature's shadowy  
womb

Of miscreated kind;  
Of ghastly fear and darkest midnight born,  
Far in a blasted dale,  
Mid Lapland's woods and noisefome  
wastes forlorn,  
Where lurid hags the Moon's pale orbit  
hail.

In the drear depth of such dim pathless  
shade,  
The stream of infant blood  
Damps the blue flame, and o'er th' un-  
hallow'd glade  
Hell's deepest darkness frowns the con-  
scious wood.

Round the wither'd witches go,  
Mutt'ring death and dismal woe,  
On their uncouth features dire  
Gleams the pale and livid fire:  
The charm begins, now arise  
Shadows foul and piercing cries,  
Storm and tempest loud assail,  
Beating wind and rattling hail,  
Thus within th' infernal wood,  
Dance they round the bubbling blood,  
'Till the rite ended, then they fly  
To taint the breath of yonder sky,  
Where on the desert vast, and boundless  
wild,

Mid the lightning's livid glare,  
Or at the balmy close of evening mild,  
They're seen to glide athwart th' af-  
frighted air.

Hence from my bosom, all thy visions  
hence!

In the deep silent hour  
When Terror hov'ring o'er each active  
sense

Impregnates Fancy's power:  
Then rise strange spectres to the shud-  
ring view,

With horrid stare,  
And gliding float upon the noxious dew,  
And howling rend the air.

Oft near yon leaf-clad solitary fane,  
Whilst morn yet clasps the night  
Some ghost is heard to sound his clanking  
chain,

Beheld mid moon-beam pale and dead to  
fight:

Nor less unfrequent the lone trav'ler hears  
The fullen-sounding bell;

And the dim lighted tower awakes to  
fears

Of haunted mansion, brake, or darkling  
dell.

Haste thee superstition, fly!  
Perish this thy sorcery!

Why in these gorgon terrors clad  
But to affright, afflict the bad,  
'Tis thee, O Goddess! thee I hail,  
Of Hesper born and Cynthia pale,  
That wont the same rude name to bear,  
Yet gentle all, and void of fear:  
O come, in Fancy's garb array'd;  
In all her lovely forms display'd;  
And o'er the Poet's melting soul  
Bid the sweet tide of rapture roll  
To dying music, warbling gales,  
Mid moonlight scettes and woody vales,  
Where Elves, and Fays, and Sprites dis-  
port,

And nightly keep their festive court;  
There, mid the pearly flood of light,  
In tincts cerulean richly dight,  
Light-sporting o'er the trembling green,  
Glance they quick thro' the magic scent,  
And from the sparkling moss receive,  
Shed by the fragrant hand of eve,  
The silver dew, of matchless pow'r,  
To guard from harm at midnight hour.  
The lonely wight, who, lost from far,  
Views not one friendly guiding star,  
Or one kind lowly cottage door

To

To point his track across the moor;  
 Whilst the storm howling, tells his mind,  
 Some spirit rides the northern wind,  
 And 'plaining, mourns his cruel doom,  
 On tempest hurld, and wintry gloom:  
 Oft too, at eve's warm-tinted ray,  
 The ling'ring blush of youthful day,  
 Pensive, sweet, seraphic lays,  
 Soft-warbling wake the note of praise,  
 Heard the echoing hills among  
 Repeating wild the heav'nly song,  
 Till lost in ether floats away  
 The last, faint, murmur'ing vocal lay;

These on the lonely bard attend,  
 With him the mountain's side ascend,  
 Or in the valley's lowly plain,  
 Rapturous breathe the melting strain;  
 These lift his soul beyond its clime,  
 To daring flights of thought sublime,  
 Where warm'd by fancy's brightest fire,  
 He boldly sweeps the sounding lyre.  
 Come then, with wild flowers, come ar-  
 ray'd,  
 O Superstition, magic maid!  
 And welcome then, suggesting pow'r!  
 At evening close or midnight hour.

### On the FINE ARTS.

THE ideas of man are never so magnificent, they never do so much credit to the divine source from which they sprang, as when they are displayed, and brought forward, in sculpture, painting, building, and in sounds.

From the Greeks, we are taught what wonders may be wrought by the chisel; what polish may be given to marble, what symmetry to limbs, what repose to attitude, what expression to the face, and what truth and elegance may dignify the figure. It is not an hyperbole to say, that art, in these respects, very frequently triumphs over nature, makes anatomy subservient to taste, and directs the hand to execute whatever the mind may feel, and the imagination may require.

The excellence of the Greek statues is unrivalled: The Romans have endeavoured to copy them, with success indeed, but not perfection; and the Laocoon, the Apollo, the Gladiator, the drunken Faun, the Venus, and the Antinous, will ever stand as models, to enchant the learned, inflame the ignorant, and convince the unbelieving.

The works of Michael Angelo, of Raphael, Correggio, Guido,  
*Vcl. VII.*

Carracci, of Titian; and Rubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyke; of Vouet, Poussin, and Le Brun; will justify the powers of imitation, and almost refer nature to her original works. The powers of Zeuxis and Appelles are beyond our censure; and removed from comparison, by the destruction of conquest, and the injuries of time: traditional penegyric, therefore, delivered down from age to age, increasing in applause, with the descent of years, have stamped a value upon their productions, which criticism cannot attack, nor envy blame. We can only say, that if the works of the ezel were by any means comparable to those of the chisel, that the moderns must yield the palm, in this respect, to ancient excellence.

The noble monuments of architectural skill that now remain, and which are scattered over many parts of the globe, where the politeness of the Greeks, and the power of the Romans, extended, are striking instances of their mastery in an art, which, as we cannot rival, it is our utmost ambition to imitate. The works of Vitruvius are established; and Palladio has his share of reputation; and Inigo Jones, and Sir Christopher Wren, have

have founded their respective claims to immortality ; but, perhaps, what has most conduced to their applause and fame, has been their careful study and judicious imitations of the works of antiquity.

Of music, we have not any determinate description to justify our predilection of ancient minstrelsy. We have heard of Orpheus, Amphion, St. Cecilia, and of other names, of distant and poetic credence. If their melody had any portion of those charms which are handed down to us with such exaggeration, it would be ridiculous to say, that the modern powers of music can equal them. We have received their encomiums with little warmth ; and, as they appear to be the fictions of poetry to us, as such they will, without doubt, be delivered down to posterity.

It is natural to the human mind to doubt : It is the province of the eye to be convinced by what it sees, as it is the duty of the ear to confide only in the integrity and unequivocality of sounds. The reputation of Orpheus is only impressed upon us by traditional evidence ; but the living works of

Handel will immortalize his name, and stamp a time-lasting value upon the dignity of sound. Apelles may have designed with judgment, and coloured with truth ; but this excellence being in a manner ideal to us, confirms our prepossessions in favor of Raphael ; as his works are extant, have not lost in reputation by time, but have been considered as transcendantly great, by the best judges of the age.

It is natural to give a predilection to what we know ; for, if the mind shall think it expedient to make excursions in quest of doubt, and traditional inquiry, it may return unsatisfied, and lament the non fruition of its hopes and wishes.

If we consider ourselves as mortals, the dependent slaves of momentary enjoyment, it might perhaps, be wise in us to reconcile ourselves to the present moment without erecting an ideal building, upon the precarious foundation of chance ; we should be content to forego extraneous objects, to fix the seat of earthly comfort in ourselves ; and should exchange the dangers of a splendid expectation, for the certain repose of an humble and contented mind.

## DANCES in SPAIN.

From Townsend's Travels.

AT a ball, to which I was invited by the Dukes de la Vauguion, I had the happiness to see Madame Mello dance a *volero*. Her motions were so graceful, that whilst she was dancing she appeared to be the most beautiful woman in the room ; but she had no sooner retired to her seat than the delusion vanished.

This dance bears some resemblance to the *sandango*, at least in

sprightliness and elegance ; but then it is more correct than that favorite, yet most lascivious pantomime. The *sandango* itself is banished from genteel assemblies, and justly so. As danced by the vulgar it is most disgusting ; as refined in higher life, covered with a most elegant yet transparent veil, it ceases to disgust, and from that very circumstance, excites those passions in the youthful breast which wisdom finds it

it difficult to curb. This dance must certainly come to them by tradition from the Moors. The music of it has such a powerful effect on young and old, that all are prepared for motion the instant the instruments are heard: and from what I have seen, I could almost persuade myself to receive the ex-

travagant idea of a friend, who in the warmth of his imagination, supposed that were it suddenly introduced into a church, or into a court of judicature, priests and people, judges and criminals, the gravest and the gay, would forget all distinctions and begin to dance.

### DESCRIPTION of a VISIT to MOUNT ETNA:

By M. de Non.

**W**E traversed the forest which serves as a girdle to the mountain, and seems to establish a line of demarcation between one region and the other. I met with none of those chestnut-trees I had seen on the other side; but large crooked oaks, and ash trees, instead of firs and birches. Different currents of lava have overturned this forest in many places. Here we have the best opportunity of observing the various effects of these torrents of fire in their progress. In some places they have overturned monstrous trees and spared very small ones, leaving them insulated without touching them; in other places they have set fire to a tree at fifty paces distance, and close to it have only singed the bark of another, without injuring it. These phenomena may be explained by the nature of the lava, which as soon as it arrives at some distance from the mouth of the volcano, becomes loaded with scoriae, a sort of bitumen, which being of a lighter nature, floats at the top, becomes inflated with air, cools, and is broken by the motion of the fluid underneath. This fluid continues to run, and hurries along with noise this cooled scum, which, when heaped up in certain places, changes the direction of the current, or when thrown

off on either side, falls against the trees or houses, without setting fire to them, as the real matter of the lava would have done, which being more weighty, more fluid, and retaining an extreme degree of heat, forms itself a bed, and sometimes spreads the conflagration long before it has manifested its appearance.

We had already passed several heaps of eternal snow, and the cold was become extremely sharp, when we arrived at the platform, at that terrible ancient crater, which is three miles in diameter. Within this diameter, three mountains, or volcanoes are formed; and from the mouth of the middle one, which is loftier than the others, proceeds a perpetual exhalation of vapours from this eternal fire. I never shall forget the impression I felt on approaching this most awful spot, which seems proscribed to mortals, and absolutely devoted to the infernal deities. Here nature seems totally reversed; no vegetation, not the motion of a living creature to disturb the frightful silence of the night; every thing is dead, or rather nothing has yet begun to live; nothing is combined on this dreary waste, it is the chaos of the elements. An ætherial air which oppresses you, shakes your very existence, and awakens you to one which

which warns man that he is out of the region to which his organs enslave him. You scarce become sensible of your temerity; you think you have entered into the laboratory of nature to steal her secrets, and while you shudder at the attempt, experience a secret pride at the courage that inspired you with such hardiness. This plain, in short, appeared to me a sanctuary, and the livid flame, which served us a light-house, the principle of fire itself, which, more ancient than the world, bestowed on it its life and movement. The fiery vapours emitted from the crater constituted the only

glimmering that enlightens this immense space, in a manner wonderful beyond description. When we were in the middle of the platform, the fire changed into a torrent of smoke. The moon now rising threw a fresh colouring over the waste, and changed its aspect in a manner absolutely different, but not less terrible; every thing seemed prepared for the gloomy mysteries of Hecate. Daylight was yet two far off; our horses, which sunk mid-leg deep into the ashes, could no longer either walk or breathe, and the cold was continually increasing.

### HISTORY of Mr. ALLEN.

**I**N the west of England, a few years ago, resided an old gentleman, whose integrity and universal benevolence did honour to human nature.

Mr. Robert Allen (that was the name of this good man) was a descendant of the great Allen of Somersetshire, so justly celebrated by the immortal pen of the inimitable author of *Tom Jones*, under the name of Alworthy.

As Mr. Robert Allen possessed every virtue of his excellent relation, little more can be added to his praise. To relieve every object of distress within his reach; to instruct the ignorant, to comfort the afflicted, to amend the envious, to quiet the angry, and rectify the prejudices of his neighbours, were the employments of his blameless life.

He had the misfortune to loose in his youth, a very amiable wife and child; which calamities he sustained with the most exemplary patience, and Christian resignation.

Besides his paternal estate, he had accumulated a large fortune in the

former part of his life; having been a considerable merchant at Lisbon.

Once, in every three years, he constantly visited London, merely on account of transacting his money-matters; otherwise, it was with great reluctance he left the scenes of rural quiet for the hurry and noise of the metropolis.

As the whole business of this excellent man was to do good to every individual, so he made every incident in life contribute, by some means, to that laudable purpose.

He had always taken up his abode, during his stay in London, at the house of an honest tradesman near Temple Bar; solely, because the man had formerly been a faithful servant to his cousin Allen. And for a course of years after, had given signal proofs of integrity and industry in his business, which was that of a haberdasher. Mr. Robert Allen had set him up in business, and had furnished his house very genteely; the first floor of which he always occupied, whenever his affairs called him to London.

Mr.

Mr. Lewis (the name of the haberdasher) was about the age of his venerable friend. He had, since he last saw him, buried his wife; a very notable good woman, and for his *sin*, if I may be allowed the expression, had been lately married to a young flirt, who had drawn in the old man by a pretty face, without any one good quality of either the head or heart. She tossed up her nose at all her neighbors, and was as proud as any women of quality. She had wheedled her old man, as she called her worthy husband, to keep her a one horse chaise, and to take a lodging upon Highgate-hill, for quiet and the benefit of the country air.

As this lady was immoderately fond of cards, she had a little kind of rout, every Thursday, in the apartments of her first floor.

A few days before one of those brilliant assemblies was to take place, Mr. Lewis received a letter from his worthy friend and benefactor, Mr. Allen, that he would be in town the Thursday following, and hoped those apartments he had occupied for above twenty years, would be in readiness to receive him.

The good haberdasher shewed his wife the letter, and remonstrated to her the necessity there was of putting off her weekly meeting:—but she cut him short, with saying, it was absolutely impossible; for that she had sent cards to her company for two months before, and that the *parties* were all made: that she should make no fuss about this old country gentleman, for that he must e'en take up his lodging up two pair of stairs.

Her poor husband sighed in the bitterness of his heart, but was forced to submit for the sake of domestic quiet.

Mr. Allen arrived at the house the time he had appointed; and as it happened to be on the Thursday evening, was surprised, on his alighting from his carriage, to see his dining-room illuminated with a great number of lights, and as he advanced up stairs, to hear a confused number of female voices.

The haberdasher, (for his wife was too fine a lady to appear on this occasion) after an hundred awkward apologies, conducted his worthy guest to the second floor, who soon retired to bed, but that sweet repose, which he usually found after a day spent in virtuous peace, he was now a stranger to, as the ladies below did not depart till after midnight; and he might as well have expected to have slept in the tower of Babel, as in such a confusion of voices.

They were at length no sooner departed, than the good man's slumbers were again disturbed, though from a very different cause. It was now from the room over his head, that proceeded sounds which prevented his getting any sleep. He heard, though but indistinctly, the plaintive wailing of a young infant, and the frequent sobbings of some woman.

As these melancholly sounds continued the chief part of the night, his compassion for the unhappy sufferers (whoever they were) was extremely excited. No man surely ever had more of what Shakespeare calls "the milk of human kindness," than Mr. Robert Allen; he therefore felt for every what being in distress. The pity he now felt was indeed heightened, when, by break of day, he distinctly heard the voices of several children, and soon after the tread of many little feet in the chamber over his head.

The worthy man now arose, finding

finding it impossible to get any sleep; and after employing (as was his usual custom) an hour in his devotions and meditations, rang for his breakfast; soon after which, Mrs. Lewis herself made her appearance, and said she was much afraid he had been disturbed by a parcel of squaling brats who lodged over his apartment.

"I have been in pain (said the humane man) for some person who seemed in distress, pray, madam, is there a family?—I thought I heard some little folks."

"Yes, Sir, there is a family, indeed of beggars—for any thing I know to the contrary—surely there never was a more ragged pack of chits to be seen than are the children; and the mother, from her appearance, I judge to have been a common street walker, if she is not one now—Never did I see such a tattered figure!—But my husband is the greatest fool in the world, or he never would have taken them in.—I was, unfortunately at my country lodgings when he simply took them under his roof."

"Have you ever seen this poor woman and her little ones? (asked Mr. Allen very gravely, who was not a little displeased with some words in the above speech of his landlady) have you visited her in her affliction?"

"I visit her, Sir!—no indeed—I commence no acquaintance with lodgers in my third story.—As to letting lodgings to genteel families, as I am low spirited, and have weak nerves, I like to have company in the house, but as to a set of beggars!—Why, my maid Patty informs me this woman is often some days without a morsel of bread."

"Indeed! (interrupted Mr. Allen) and do you suffer a human

being in your house to endure the extremity of hunger?—Mercy on me!"

Mrs. Patty, (who then entered the room) was asked by her mistress if she had seen the woman up stairs lately.

"Not I, indeed, madam!—I think her ragged silk gown plainly shews what she has been, and what she is? I see her; not I truly. I stand upon my character:—she may be a street walker, for what—"

She was going on, but Mr. Allen, shocked at the inhumanity of both the mistress and her maid, signified he was going to be busy, on which they departed.

Any one might have thought indeed that Mrs. Patty, by her dress, had been one of that unhappy class which her rigid virtue made her so cautious of avoiding; for her dress, which was a taudry gauze cap, with washed ribbands, and a dirty linen gown, drawn through the pocket holes, did not greatly recommend her appearance,

When the good man had got rid of these inhuman wretches, he stood like the inimitable figure of Garrick, in king Lear, for some moments aghast: and like that good old king, could not help exclaiming,

"Are these women?—"

"Is there any cause in nature for such hard hearts?"

"Good heavens! (continued he) by what method can I best relieve these poor wretches?—Three days without bread, and I have fared sumptuously every day!—I must think of some way to relieve the distress of this unhappy woman without wounding her delicacy.—She may be, possibly, a person of family, and reduced from affluence to struggle with the miseries of poverty;

erty;—something must be done, and soon.”

Whilst the heart of this benevolent man was overflowing with humanity, chance gave him that day an opportunity of seeing the whole miserable family, which had so much engaged his pity.

He was just going to a coffee house, when on the stair case, he met the little melancholy groupe, the first object which presented itself, was a most amiable young woman, in very ordinary apparel, pail, and emaciated. On her languid cheek a tear was stealing down whilst her eyes were cast on a little miserable babe seemingly almost expiring, which she held in her arms, and which she beheld with unutterable woe. A little prating girl, of three years old, was hanging on her apron; and two fine boys, of four and five brought up the rear; one with a pitcher of water, the other with a small loaf of bread.

Mr. Allen, who ever looked on misery with a kind of sacred pity, stood back, and gave this poor woman, with her little ragged retinue, the wall to pass by, with as much deference and respect, as if she had been the first duchess in the land.

A fine gown or petticoat, which so much attracts the civility of the world, and has a much greater influence over the minds of most people than is imagined, had a very contrary effect on this good man; as the very shabby garments of these poor people claimed his respect, instead of contempt; for he plainly saw they were the remains of better days, and could not help reflecting what that distress must be which had brought them to this extreme of wretchedness. His aged eyes felt the sacred drops of pity; and during his short walk, he was wholly absorbed in various

schemes of providing for the speedy relief of the poor sufferers. He once thought of enclosing a bank bill, and sending it by the penny post; but as he then knew not her name, that scheme he could not pursue till he made some inquiry how to direct to her; but the secret hand of providence soon pointed out a surer way; for as Mr. Allen was returning to his apartment that very day, he met in the passage the eldest little boy, ragged as a colt, but the very perfection itself of beauty and innocence. He held in one hand an old silver spoon, and in the other a bird cage, in which was a most beautiful Virginia nightingale.

“Where, my pretty boy, (said the compassionate man) are you going?”

“Oh, Sir, (replied the sweet fellow, with the cheerful innocence of that engaging age) “I must help my poor mamma if I can:—I know my way into the next street, and I am going to carry this cage to the bird-shop.—This bird sings sweetly:—What a pity to sell him!—But, perhaps, I shall get a little money for this spoon, if not for the bird;—we have nothing else left now to part with—and poor little Fanny is just dying.—What can we do, Sir, for a little money? for when she dies, my mamma says, she must have a coffin.—What is a coffin?”

Mr. Allen was so extremely affected with the distress and simplicity of this lovely boy, that he could not help bursting into tears. He took the child into his dining room, and enclosing a bank bill for twenty pounds in a piece of paper, bade him carry it up to his mother, and not sell her favorite bird, and that he would see her the next day to inquire if he could be of any service to her.

The

The little boy ran with this message to his mother, whose surprise, it must be imagined, was great. As to Mr. Allen, he retired to rest, and enjoyed that sweet repose which never fails to attend the slumbers of the good.

As this humane gentleman felt himself uncommonly affected with the sufferings of this little distressed family, he was the next day uneasy till the hour arrived when he intended calling on them. He tapped gently at the door, which was opened by a little smiling girl.

It is impossible for any pen but a *Fielding's* to describe the scene of misery which presented itself. The wretched mother sat weeping over her dead infant, vainly fancying it still had life, and was not gone for ever!—The other children were crying for hunger and cold, the season being extremely severe; and they had not the least spark of fire in the wretched apartment, in which was every mark of the most bitter distress.

The poor woman was surprised at the appearance of a stranger, and looking up, with her face covered with tears, and with an air of dignity which appeared in the midst of this scene of wretchedness, she attempted to rise; but Mr. Allen prevented her, begging her not to be disturbed by his presence.

"I saw, madam, your little boy yesterday, and by him I found that—"

"I am glad, Sir, (interrupting him) of an opportunity of returning you the bank bill you sent by my child. Here it is—unbroken I assure you, (presenting it) I am obliged to you—but cannot accept of that which it will never be in my power to repay. I am, it is true, under the hard hand of poverty—but, indeed, Sir, I nei-

ther can, nor will, accept this (again offering the bill) on any consideration. When this poor babe, who expired this morning, is laid in the earth (continued she, bursting into tears) these hands will provide a support for my little ones left;—It is for their distresses alone, that my heart bleeds, when they are crying round me for bread.—But as to your bounty, Sir, I must insist on returning it."

Mr. Allen, who was astonished at these noble sentiments, with such a picture of real distress on all sides, most vehemently insisted on the acceptance of what he called a trifle.

"I feel (said he) for the sufferings of these little ones; I have been myself a parent.

"I am, madam, most deeply affected with your sorrows: my tears you see, will flow—an old man's tears—but what of that?—they are tears of sincerity.—Once more, let me beg your acceptance, of what you stand in such extreme need of."

His persuasions, however, were in vain, and the poor woman continued inflexible in her refusal of his generous offer. She acknowledged, in the warmest terms her gratitude, and begged him to sit down.

The little children now gathered round his knees, whom he kissed by turns, took them in his arms, and treated them with cakes and sweetmeats, which he had brought in his pockets for that purpose. He felt himself uncommonly affected, whilst the little innocents, who were now playing round him in the highest spirits (for with children of that age,)

"The tears forgot as soon as shed?" and were asking him many little questions with the beautiful simplicity of their early years.

"Tell

"Tell me, madam, (said Mr. Allen, wiping the tear which flowed down his aged cheek) what I can do to serve you. Have you any parents—any friend to whom I shall apply for your relief?"

"I have none, she replied (weeping) no parent—no friends!—I am a stranger in this land!—Helpless! and have no one to apply to for relief. I wish I knew where to dispose of this manuscript (reaching her hand to a bundle of papers which lay on an old broken chair by her side.) If I could find a bookseller to purchase this little work, I should then have the means of procuring bread for these poor babes. I have offered it to one or two of that profession, but have met with inconceivable difficulties in the disposal of it, as one bookseller told me, he never published a work without a name; and another——"

"Pray (interrupted Mr. Allen) when did you write it? Is it a novel? I have no great opinion of modern novels."

"It is not a novel, Sir.—It is a miscellaneous collection; but they are not of my writing—Chance brought the work to my hands, by a very odd incident. As I was one day rummaging an old worm eaten chest, I saw in one corner of my wretched apartment, a large bundle of papers, but so defaced by mildew and damps, that I could hardly make out the contents.

I have, however, with much difficulty, every evening, when my children were asleep, set about transcribing the work; as a thought occurred to me, that it might, perhaps, be some little advantage to me in my extreme distress; but, alas! after all the incredible pains I have taken, I cannot get a purchaser for it."

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"If you will entrust me with it, madam," said Mr. Allen, I will endeavour to dispose of it for you.—A woman is often imposed on in these matters."

The poor woman thankfully put the manuscript into Mr. Allen's hands.

"Depend, madam, on my utmost zeal to serve you," said he.—"I will return in a very short time."

Saying which, he put the manuscript into his pocket, and immediately departed; highly satisfied that he now had an opportunity of serving a woman of such exalted merit, without hurting her delicacy. And she, on her part, looked on him as an angel sent from heaven to afford her relief, in her pressing necessity.

After passing an hour at an adjacent coffee-house, in looking over the papers of the day, he hastened back to his own room, and having locked up the manuscript in a drawer, instantly went up to the wretched family.

"Here, madam," said the good man, as he entered the apartment, "is the purchase of your book (putting twenty guineas in her hand) and I hope the sum will content you."

The unhappy woman, as may be easily imagined, was all joy and thankfulness on the occasion.

"Despairing, Sir, (said she) of your success, I was, just before you arrived, considering how I could procure a sufficient sum to pay for the coffin of my dear babe; when it occurred to me that I had a little miniature picture of my excellent mother, set round with diamonds, which I have carefully preserved as the very last resource in my extreme need.—I cannot trouble you again with my affairs, otherwise

I would

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I would beg your servant to dispose of these diamonds, which are set round this little picture."

"I insist, madam, cried the good man, that I may execute this commission myself.—Where is the picture?"

The unhappy woman then opening a small casket which was by her, and sighing bitterly, took out a small picture, and presented it to Mr. Allen.

"Gracious heaven; (exclaimed he, starting back) what do I see? —the image of my dearest wife! —My long lost Louisa?—O my heart! it is—it is Louisa!—Say, dear madam, how this picture came in your possession. You mentioned just now a mother—Oh, my throbbing breast! But my wife, my lovely little Fanny, both had a watery grave in their passage from Lisbon."

"From Lisbon, did you say? (interrupted the amiable young woman) Alas! that was the place of my birth! And at the age of three years, I was, with my dear mother, shipwrecked on the coast of Spain.—She, alas! was lost forever; whilst her wretched Fanny was doomed to—"

"Fanny! did you say? Oh, tell me—what—be quick—inform me, madam, what was your maiden name!"

"Allen, Sir."

"O my child!—my child—cried the enraptured father—it is—it must be so"—clasping her in his arms, in an agony of joy and wonder.

His happy daughter, for so indeed she was, hung on his neck in speechless transport, whilst the ecstatic father continued—"Say, my child—how hast thou been preserved?—O secret, wonder-working hand of providence!—The

dreadful tidings of my ship wrecked Louisa, and my little daughter, an infant, in captain Osmond's ship, on the coast of Spain, is an undoubted fact—is it not?"

"Yes, my dearest father," answered his long-lost child, "look at these letters, of my lamented mother: and these from yourself to her, after your departure from Lisbon. The servant who attended me from my infancy, and whose life was saved with mine, carefully preserved these letters and this casket.—Anne Williams was her name; she was my nurse maid, and you must well remember her."

"I do—I do—" cried the amazed father.—"Good heavens, when did she die?"

"About six years since:—and it was from her I often heard (as it was our utmost constant subject) the sad catastrophe of my dear mother's death, and that Mr. Robert Allen, my father, had lived some-where in the west of England."

"But say, my child," said this fond parent, who, as Shakespeare says of old king Cymbeline, on the discovering Imogen to be his daughter,

"Was wild in his beholding,"

"say, my Fanny, what melancholy accidents have reduced thee to this distress?—Oh! to find thee—and to find thee thus, so firm in virtue, is too much for my old heart to bear.—Who did you marry?—Oh, tell me all."

"A ship, Sir, that was going from Spain to Jamaica, carried us with captain Osmond (who was happily preserved) to that Island. That worthy man left me to the care of his sister, who was settled there; and with that good woman I lived to the age of seventeen, when a nephew of her's soon after married

married me, and with whom I lived long enough to be the mother of these little things you now see round me. We wrote to you, my dear Sir, and sent the letter under cover to a friend of my husband's, in London, to forward it to you, but receiving no answer, we concluded you were no more.—Mr. Ashley (my husband) was no economist: he died suddenly, and left me greatly involved. To satisfy all his creditors, I reduced myself to great straits. A lady, who was coming to England, kindly offered to bear my expenses, and promised to use her utmost endeavors to find you, if living, or otherwise to provide for me. Alas! this dear friend died the week after our arrival in London of the small pox; which fatal distemper I likewise caught, and all my little ones. This was a great, and unexpected expense to me, and it was still increased, as I was, soon after, delivered of this poor babe, now dead. These events following so fast—for, alas! my poor husband had not been dead six months; all together, I say, were too much for my spirits to sustain, and I sunk into a low fever, in which I languished several weeks.—I was now reduced to want even the common necessa-

ries of life:—indeed my case was truly lamentable—alone!—no money!—in a strange country!”

“O, cease, my dearest child, I cannot bear this,” said the tender father, bursting into tears, “it is too much!—I will *suppose*, after much suffering, the secret hand of that heavenly power, whose chiefest care is distressed innocence, led thee hither to this amazing discovery.—And have I found thee?—(Once more clasping her in his arms)—Not the united world shall ever part us more.”

He then kissed and wept over the children, and immediately ordering large and elegant lodgings to be got ready for their reception, in Pall Mall, they were all conveyed there as soon as possible; and where we will leave them to that refined happiness, which only minds like Mr. Allen's can experience.

Reader, the moral of this little story is so obvious, it requires no explanation.—*Every* man, it is true, in relieving a distressed object, may not meet with a lost child; but *every* man may, in *some* degree, enjoy that exquisite satisfaction which is the never failing reward of those who practise the great duties of *humanity* and *benevolence* to their fellow-creatures.



## HASSAN: from SOLIMAN and FATIMA.

AN EASTERN TALE, by T. WRIGHT.

**H**ASSAN was a simple shepherd, who led his flocks on the margin of the Indus—ambition was a stranger to his soul—cheerful were his days, for healthful labour beguiled the fleeting minutes; and sweet was his repose, because innocence was the companion of his breast. Salsed kept her father's sheep on the banks of the same

river; they often met in the course of their rural employ; the damsel was beautiful, and the young shepherd felt the power of her charms—he chaunted his passion to the soft notes of his pipe—the trees which grew on the borders of the stream were engraven with her name—he presented her with the earliest roses of the year, and wove chaplets

chaplets for her hair of the young myrtle buds; but these demonstrations of love were disregarded by Saled; her heart had long been devoted to another. Raschilda, the wealthiest swain in the neighbourhood, was her lover, and she returned his tenderness with equal sincerity. Hassan at length grew regardless to his folds—his lambs strayed from his pasture—he went in pursuit of the wanderers, but stopped on his way, to lament the cruelty of Saled—he essayed to pronounce the name of his fleecy fugitives, but his tongue uttered only Saled.

He had one day retired to a spot where the overhanging rocks on either side formed an awful shade—a torrent dashing from the mountain soothed his melancholy—the melody of his pipe no longer delighted him, but hoarse howlings of the wild beasts of the desert were become grateful to his ear. Reclined on a rugged stone, he felt the bosom of the earth tremble beneath his feet—deep thunder resounded through the air, the rock was divided, and a figure more than mortal appeared before him.

"Hassan," said the Genius, "I know the feelings of thy soul; I have beheld thee roaming in these melancholy retreats, abhorrent of society, a stranger to the joys of life. Saled has not deceived thee; her love was bestowed on Raschilda before it was solicited by thee. Return to thy avocations; for why shouldst thou repine at being unable to attain that which thou hast no right to expect?"

"Celestial power," returned the shepherd, "why dost thou enjoin my return to society, which must to me be ever destitute of pleasure? These rocks shall be my dwelling?"

The most unlovely scenes of nature are alone my delight."

"Since thou art inflexible to counsel as to joy," resumed the Genius, "know, that during the course of three successive years from henceforth, thou shalt possess the privilege of obtaining all thy requests."

"Enough," cried Hassan, "oh! beneficent power, I thank thee.—Hassan will soon become the happiest of the sons of men."

Again it thundered—the rock expanded, and the Genius was hidden from his sight. Elate with joy, Hassan returned to his pastures on the banks of Indus. Imagining there was nothing but the superior wealth of Raschilda to restrain him from possessing the love of Saled, his first petition was for riches.

"Let the flocks of Hassan," said he, "be multiplied; let the treasures of his fields smile with abundant increase." His prayer was heard—the cattle within his pastures brought forth their young by pairs, and soon his folds became too strait for the numbers of his fleecy charge—kindly moisture nourished the tender grain—his harvests preserved from blasts, filled the barns which he had enlarged; and in a short time Hassan was become the wealthiest of all the swains on the banks of Indus.

Now was arrived the period when he appeared before the beauteous Saled with the air of self-complacency—his former timidity was no more; but confident of success, he avowed his passion, enumerated the riches he was master of, and triumphed in idea of supplanting his humbler rival. But Saled valued not wealth; she esteemed the virtues of Raschilda more than the treasures of Hassan, whom the influence of prosperity had rendered contemptible to all the neighbourhood—

hood—his rapacity was odious to all, and the pride of his demeanor effaced from the bosom of Sained those sentiments of esteem with which she had been accustomed to regard the former humility and modesty of his character.

In a transport of disappointment and premeditated revenge, he withdrew—he wished for power to punish the presumption of the youth who had dared to dispute with him the prize of Sained's affection.—“Raise me to power,” cried he, “ye Genii—make me to become the first magistrate, that I may be able to revenge temerity and ingratitude.”

Sometime afterwards it chanced, that business led him to a neighbouring city, the Caliph of which was lately dead, and all were in eager expectation to hear the announcing of a successor—at that instant it occurred to Hassan, that the glorious opportunity which he had earnestly desired was now within his power; he had recourse to his wealth, and found it no difficult task to bribe those on whom the nomination to that high office depended.

In fine, Hassan was advanced to the Caliphate. Supposing it not in the power of female vanity to withstand the allurements of riches, dignified with power, he had again recourse to the dwelling of Sained. What before he had solicited, he now demanded; yet the virgin was inflexible to the splendour of rank. As before she had been to the influence of wealth. Surprised and shagrin'd, he set no bounds to his rage; he issued an order to the parents of the damsel to bring her within the space of three days before him.

“I will effectually humble the haughty beauty,” said he to him-

self:—“I will possess myself of those charms, yet not in the character which she has proudly disdained—not the husband, but the uncontrolled master of Sained; I will bend her high spirit to submission; and when my passion shall be satiated with possession, I will spurn her from my presence, as then meet to be the bride of that ignoble wretch whom she has deigned to prefer to me.”

At the expiration of the given time, the sorrowful parents, trembling, appeared before him.

“Wretches, cried the haughty Caliph, this instant produce me your daughter, or perish by the scymetar of my executioner.”

“Judge of the faithful,” replied the afflicted father, “we are not insensible of the honour proffered to thy poor slaves; but our child has withdrawn herself from our abode:—with anxious steps, we have sought her in every recess of our mountain—every cavern and wild have been explored by our inquiring eyes, but we have found her not, and here present ourselves before my Lord, on whose will our life or death depends.”

The Caliph, whose dreadful emotions appeared in the fiery glances of his eyes, instantly ordered the executioner to advance—the ancient pair, with a groan of silent anguish, submitted their hoary heads to the fatal stroke; but Hassan, recollecting the probability of their being privy to Sained's concealment, determined to postpone the execution, and commanded them to be confined in separate dungeons, intending, by torture, to force them to a discovery; in the mean time he had ordered Raschilda to be brought before him.

“Tell me,” said he, “thou vile miscreant,

miscreant, in what recess is Saled concealed?"

The virtuous youth, undismayed by the dreadful frown of the enraged Caliph, replied with a modest, yet intrepid air—"Fate, by exalting thee, O Hassan, to thy present dignity, has given thee a power over the life of Raschilda; and what am I that I should dispute its equity in thy advancement? behold me then in the power of thy hand; yet over the free-born mind thy dominion cannot extend. May the Powers who revere Saled's virtue, ever preserve her from thy unjust attempts!"

Incapable of curbing his boiling rage, the Caliph leaped from his seat, and with his own sabre, laid the unhappy youth at his feet, covered with purple gore—then hastily quitting the apartment, he proceeded to witness the preparation of torture designed for the wretched parents, in order to extort that discovery which the firm soul of Raschilda had disdained to make; but the efforts of ingenious cruelty failed of the wished effect—the venerable pair were unacquainted with the retreat to which the faithful Raschilda had conveyed the beloved Saled: They were therefore

remanded to the dungeon, and reserved to suffer a public execution—so intent was the Caliph in revenging the disappointment his eager desire had sustained.

In the mean time, tidings of her parents' impending destruction had reached the retreat of Saled, who forgetting her own danger in that which threatened them, resolved to attempt their deliverance, by presenting herself before the tyrant. On the appointed day of execution, she reached the city at the moment in which the fatal scymetar was unsheathed, to deprive the hapless pair of life. With a countenance of horror and despair, with garments torn, and disheveled tresses, she made her way through the crowd; every eye was fixed upon her; even the ministers of death suspended the bloody stroke, to gaze on the beautiful unknown: the cries of her distress were heard by the Caliph, as he solaced his gloomy soul in revenge, within a retired part of his palace—in an instant she beheld him approach—"Spare the innocent," cried the distracted maiden, "and let thy vengeance, O unjust, and cruel Hassan, descend on me alone."

*(To be continued.)*

## S E N T I M E N T 8.

**S**ENSIBILITY, although the source of our most exquisite enjoyments, yet, by exposing us to danger from every quarter, and rendering us vulnerable on every side, too often occasions our most lasting inquietudes.

THE opulent and the gay hear the cries of misery around them with the same indifference that one hears the tempest grumble when sheltered from its fury.

HE who laughs at the caution he needs, and ridicules the person who gives it, pays his own understanding a miserable compliment.

THAT complacency and joy which we experience after having done a good and generous action, must convince us that a perpetual source of pleasure, a satisfaction inexpressibly delightful, will be found in a constant and regular practice of benevolence.

CABINET



## CABINET OF APOLLO.

### HYMN to VIRTUE.

*From Richardson's Poems.*

EVER lovely and benign,  
Endowed with energy divine,  
Hail Virtue! hail! from thee proceed  
The great design, the heroic deed,  
The heart that melts for human woes,  
Valour, and truth, and calm repose.  
Tho' fortune frown, tho' fate prepare  
Her shafts, and wake corroding care,  
Though wrathful clouds involve the skies,  
Though lightnings glare, and storms arise,  
In vain to shake the guiltless soul,  
Changed fortune frowns, and thunders roll.  
Pile, Avarice, thy yellow hoard;  
Spread, Luxury, thy costly board;  
Ambition, crown thy head with bays;  
Let sloth recline on beds of ease;  
Admired, adored, let beauty roll  
The magic eye that melts the soul;  
Unless with purifying fires  
Virtue the conscious soul inspires,  
In vain, to bar intruding wo,  
Wealth, fame, and power, and pleasure  
flow.

To me thy sovereign gift impart,  
The resolute unshaken heart  
To guide me from the flowery way  
Where pleasure tunes her siren-lay:  
Deceitful path! where shame and care,  
The poisonous shaft concealed, prepare!  
And shield me with thy generous pride  
When fashion scoffs, and fools deride.  
Ne'er let ambition's meteor-ray  
Mislead my reason, and betray  
My fancy with the gilded dream  
Of hoarded wealth, and noisy fame.  
But let my soul consenting flow  
Compassionate of others wo:  
Teach me the kind endearing art  
To heal the mourner's broken heart,  
To ease the rankling wounds of care,  
And soothe the frenzy of despair.  
So, lovely virgin, may I gain  
Admission to thy hallowed fane,  
Where peace of mind, of eye serene,  
Of heavenly hue, and placid mien,

Leads, smiling, thy celestial choir,  
And smites the consecrated lyre.  
And may that minstrelsy, whose charm  
Can rage, and grief, and care disarm,  
Can passion's lawless force control,  
Soothe, melt, and elevate my soul!

### HYMN to HEALTH.

*From the same.*

O by the gentle gales that blow  
Refreshing from the mountain's brow,  
By the vermil bloom of morn,  
By the dew-drop on the thorn,  
By the sky-lark's matin lay,  
By the flowers that blooming May  
Sprinkles on the meads and hills,  
By the brooks and fuming rills,  
Come, smiling Health, and deign to be  
Our queen of rural sports and glee.  
What sudden radiance gilds the skies!  
What warblings from the groves arise!  
A breeze more odoriferous blows!  
The stream more musically flows!  
A brighter smile the valley wears!  
And lo! the lovely queen appears.  
O health, I know thy blue-bright eye,  
Thy dewy lip, thy rosy dye,  
Thy dimpled cheek, thy lively air  
That wins a smile from pining care,  
Soft-pinioned gales around thee breathe,  
Perfuming dews thy tresses bathe,  
The zone of Venus girds thy waist,  
The young Loves flutter round thy breast,  
And on thy path the rose-winged hours  
Scatter their variegated flowers,  
See! the nymphs and every swain  
Mingle in thy festive train,  
With roguish winks, and winning wiles,  
And whispering low, and dimpling smiles,  
And many a tale, devised with care,  
To win the bashful maiden's ear;  
And sweetly soothing blandishment,  
And the coy air of half consent;  
And joy, and rose-complexioned laughter  
With tottering footsteps following after.  
Goddess

Goddess ever blyth and fair,  
Ever mild and debonair,  
Stay with us, and deign to be  
Our queen of rural mirth and glee.

### IDLENESS. A SONG.

**G**ODDESS of ease! leave Læthe's  
brink,  
Obsequious to the muse and me.  
For once endure the pain to think,  
O sweet Insensibility.  
Sister of peace and indolence!  
Bring, muse, bring numbers soft and  
slow,  
Elaborately void of sense,  
And sweetly thb'tless let them flow:  
Sweetly, &c.

Near to some cowslips painted mead,  
There let me doze away dull hours,  
And under me let Flora spread,  
A Sophia of her softest flow'rs.  
Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe,  
Forth from behind the neighb'ring pine;  
Whilst murmurs of the stream beneath  
Still flow in unison with thine.  
Flow in, &c.

For thee, O IDLENESS! the woes  
Of life we patiently endure,  
Thou art the source whence labour flows;  
We shun thee but to make thee sure.  
For who'd endure war's toil and waste,  
Or who th' hoarse thund'ring of the sea.  
But to be idle at the last,  
And find a pleasing end in thee?  
Find a, &c.

### The JOURNEY of LIFE.

*An Allegoric ELEGY, in the manner of Sir  
Walter Raleigh. By J. C. Esq.*

**W**HILE thro' life's thorny road I go,  
I will not want companions too:  
A dreary journey, and alone,  
Would be, alas, too troublesome!  
But company that's choice and good,  
Makes trouble hardly understood:  
For toil divided, seems to be  
No toil, but a felicity.  
Therefore will I companions take,  
As well for ease, as safety's sake:  
Fair truth shall serve me for a guide;  
Justice shall never leave my side.  
Integrity, my trusty guard,  
Nor will I caution, quite discard:  
Experience shall my tutor be,  
Nor will I wiser seem than he:  
Discretion all my thoughts shall weigh,  
And modesty my words convey.

Soft innocence protect my sleep,  
And charity my purse shall keep.  
Thus, through this wilderness, I'll stray,  
Nor ever fear to lose my way.  
The fages I sometimes will see,  
Be sometimes with the muses free.  
With guileless mirth an hour beguile;  
Or with free-spoken satyr smile.  
With meditation often walk,  
Or with sweet melancholy talk.  
With these companions dear I'll sport,  
Nor heed the journey long or short.  
So health supply the doctor's place;  
And for a chaplain, I've God's grace!

### The DEBTOR.

**C**HILDREN of affluence, hear a poor  
man's prayer!  
O haste, and free me from this dun-  
geon's gloom;  
Let not the hand of comfortless despair  
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the  
tomb!

Unus'd compassion's tribute to demand,  
With clamorous din wake charity's  
dull ear,  
Writing the slow aid from Pity's loitering  
hand,  
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the  
ready tear.

Far different thoughts employ'd my early  
hours,  
To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence  
born;  
The hand of pleasure strewed my path  
with flower's,  
And every blessing hail'd my youthful  
morn.

But ah, how quick the change! the morn-  
ing gleam,  
That cheer'd my fancy with her magic  
ray,  
Fled like the gairish pageant of a dream,  
And sorrow clos'd the evening of my  
day.

Such is the lot of human bliss below;  
Fond hope a while the trembling flow'rs  
ret rears;  
Till unforeseen descends the blight of woe,  
And withiers in an hour the pride of  
years.

In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,  
I trusted: (whom from faults is always  
free?)  
And the short progress of one fatal day  
Was all the space 'twixt wealth and pov-  
erty.

Where

Where could I seek for comfort, or for aid?

To whom the ruins of my state commend?

Left to myself, abandon'd, and betray'd,  
Too late I found the wretched have no friend!

E'en he amid the rest, the favoured youth,

Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,

Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,  
And left my child in solitude to mourn.

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand

To guard the sacred wreaths by Hymen wove;

While pale-eyed avarice, from his sordid stand,

Scowled o'er the ruins of neglected love.

Though deeply hurt, yet swayed by decent pride,

She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art,

And faintly strove, with sickly smiles, to hide

The canker worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty—nor wished to hate

Whom once she lov'd—but pitied, and forgave:

Then unrepining yielded to her fate,  
And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's prayer,

O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom!

Let not the hand of comfortless despair

Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

### ODE to SLEEP.

SLEEP, thy balmy aid apply!

Calm to rest my wakeful woes!

Sorrow's cheek, O gently dry!

Sorrow's eye in slumber close!

Fancy, then, shall hold her reign;

Hope shall soothe the pensive mind;

Stella then shall smile again;

Stella shall again be kind!

Lost to all we most adore,

What has life that's worth our care?

Sleep, to my fond arms restore

Stella, faithful, kind and fair;

But, tho' once so fair and kind,  
Should those dreams of love be past!

Ah then! what solace may I find?  
Still let me sleep—and sleep my last!

### O D E,

*Composed for the anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society.*

WHEN first the sun o'er Ocean glow'd,

And Earth unveil'd her virgin breast;

Mid barren nature's vast abode,

Was heard th' Almighty's dread behest:

*Rise, COLUMBIA, brave and free;*

*Poize the Globe, and bound the sea!*

In darkness wrapp'd, with fetters chain'd,

Will ages grope, debas'd and blind;

With blood the human hand be stain'd—

With tyrant-power, the human mind:

*Rise, COLUMBIA, &c.*

But, lo! across th' Atlantic floods,

The Star-directed pilgrim sails!

See! fell'd by Commerce, float thy woods;

And cloth'd by Ceres, wave thy vales!

*Rise, COLUMBIA, &c.*

In vain shall thrones, in arms combin'd,

The sacred rights I gave oppose;

In thee th' asylum of mankind,

Shall welcome nations find repose:

*Rise, COLUMBIA, &c.*

Nor yet, though skill'd, delight in arms;

PEACE and her offspring ARTS, be thine:

The face of Freedom scarce has charms,

When, on her cheeks, no dimples shine.

*Rise, COLUMBIA, &c.*

While Fame, for thee, her wreath entwines,

TO BLESS, thy nobler triumph prove;

And though the eagle haunts thy pines,

Beneath thy willows shield the doves.

*Rise, COLUMBIA, &c.*

Rever'd in arms, in peace humane—

No shore, nor realm shall bound thy sway;

While equal nations own thy reign,

And subject elements obey!

*Rise, COLUMBIA, brave and free;*

*Bless the Globe, and rule the Sea!*

### S P R I N G.

NOW Spring, soft leader of the year,  
Begins to urge its gay career;

Far from the Ram the sun withdraws his beams,

And breezy Taurus sweeps the crystal streams.

The op'ning landscape bursts upon the sight,  
With new-born blushes and with orient light :

The misty vapours melt in air,  
And show the heav'n's serene and fair ;  
Or if not fair, across the skies  
The flicker'd clouds illumin'd rise ;  
And, as the masses wide unfold,  
The edges are all tip with gold.

Where banks meand'ring breast th' op-  
posing tide,  
And the full river into arms divide,  
We see with pleasure ev'ry ray  
Now trem'ulous on the waters play,  
And into ev'ry dimpling lapse infuse  
A gem of modest, or translucent hues ;  
A pearl—if sun-beams shall refuse to shine ;  
A di'mond—if they dart their rays divine.

The cuckoo now with double note,  
(Which soon the child attains by rote)  
Monotonous, incumbent falls,  
And slowly cuts the balmy gales  
With languid wing ; nor is the seen to rest  
Upon her own, but on another's nest.  
Ah ! too much like this cruel bird,  
Is the unfeeling wretch prefer'd  
From poverty to wealth and pow'r.  
But gratitude's a fleeting flow'r ;  
For soon the mean, unthankful scout  
Will enter in and turn him out,  
Whose doors were seen but lately to un-  
fold,  
To serene his wants from famine, and  
from cold.

#### HYMN to PATIENCE.

O Meek-eyed patience ! at thy name  
E'en now I feel thy influence dart  
Fresh vigour to the fainting heart,  
And cheer my languid frame !  
E'en now I see thee move along !  
No stubborn pride attends thee now,  
Nor fullness with gloomy brow ;  
But cheerful peace, in maiden pride,  
And resolution at her side,  
Compose thy decent throng.  
Ah ! let not ever in thy train be seen  
Dull Apathy, from virtuous feelings  
free ;  
From thine tho' widely different be her  
mien,  
By erring man mistaken oft for thee.  
Oh ! to my sight thy genuine features  
shew !  
Hope in thy modest eye, and meekness in  
thy brow.

#### LAMENTATION ON a dead ROBIN.

AH ! sweetest of the feather'd throng,  
That chirps, and flits the glades a-  
long,

When summer cheers the sky :  
With ruddy breast, and thigh of down,  
And back, and wing of glossy brown,  
And pretty sparkling eye—

Who oft when brumal storms assail'd,  
And blust'ring wind, and rain prevail'd  
Against my humble seat,  
Would'st, shivering to my roof retire,  
And fearless view the sparkling fire,  
Cheer'd by the genial heat.

At early dawn, thy quavering throat  
Pour'd forth the wild enchanting note—  
In descent sweet and strong ;  
What time my faint returning sight  
First caught the trembling beams of light,  
Roused by the matin song.

Alas ! poor bird, I mourn thy lot,  
No more thy carol from my cot  
Shall drive the lingering gloom :  
The weeping Muse her tribute pays,  
And in her own inferior lays,  
She consecrates thy tomb.

#### To a young LADY, with Flowers.

TO thee, sweet smiling maid, I bring  
The beauteous progeny of spring ;  
In every breathing bloom I find  
Some pleasing emblem of thy mind,  
The blushes of that opening rose  
Thy tender modesty disclose.  
These snow-white lilies of the vale  
Diffusing fragrance to the gale,  
No ostentatious tints assume,  
Vain of their exquisite perfume ;  
Careless, and sweet, and mild, we see  
In them a lovely type of thee.  
In yonder gay-enamel'd field,  
Serene that azure blossom smil'd :  
Not changing with the changeful sky,  
Its faithless tints inconstant fly ;  
For, unimpair'd by winds and rain,  
I saw the unalter'd hue remain.  
So were thy mild affections prov'd,  
Thy heart by fortune's frown remov'd,  
Pleas'd to administer relief,  
In times of woe would solace grief.  
These flowers with genuine beauty glow ;  
The tints from nature's pencil flow :  
What artist could improve their bloom ?  
Or sweeter make their sweet perfume ?  
Fruitless the vain attempt. Like these  
Thy native truth, thine artless ease,  
Fair, unaffected maid, can never fail to  
please.

To

## To the ROSE.

*The following Verses are translated from the French of Cardinal DE BERNIS; by the ingenious Mrs. CHARLOTTE SMITH, of Big-nor Park, Suffex.*

## IMITATION.

**F**RUIT of Aurora's tears, fair rose,  
On whose soft leaves fond zephyrs  
play,  
Oh! queen of flowers, thy buds disclose,  
And give thy fragrance to the day;  
Unveil thy transient charms:—ah, no!  
A little be thy bloom delay'd,  
Since the same hour that bids thee blow  
Shall see thee droop thy languid head.  
But go! and on Themira's breast  
Find, happy flower, thy throne, and  
tomb;  
While, jealous of a fate so blest,  
How shall I envy thee thy doom!  
Should some rude hand approach thee  
there,  
Guard the sweet shrine thou wilt adorn;  
Ah! punish those who rashly dare,  
And for my rivals keep thy thorn.  
Love shall himself thy boughs compose,  
And bid thy wanton leaves divide;  
He'll shew thee how, my lovely rose,  
To deck her bosom, not to hide:  
And thou shalt tell the cruel maid  
How frail are youth and beauty's  
charms,  
And teach her, ere her own shall fade,  
To give them to her lover's arms.

## FRIENDSHIP.

*By Rev. T. PENROSE.*

**D**ISTILL'd amidst the gloom of night,  
Dark hangs the dew drop on the  
thorn,  
Till, notic'd by approaching light,  
It glitters in the smile of morn.  
Morn soon retires. Her feeble power  
The sun outbeams with genial day,  
And gently, in benignant hour,  
Exhales the liquid pearl away.  
Thus, on affliction's sable bed,  
Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue;  
Condensing round the mourner's head,  
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.  
Though pity shows her dawn from hea-  
ven,  
When kind she points assistance near;  
To friendship's sun alone, 'tis given  
To soothe and dry the mourner's tear.

## Extract from COLIN and LUCY.

*A Fragment.*

*The forsaken Lucy is represented lamenting the inconstancy of her faithless Colin, on the border of the Thames, near Richmond. In the midst of her complaint she observes her own figure in the water, and thus pathetically addresses the phantom.*

**"T**HERE! there! is it Lucy I see?  
'Tis Lucy, the lost, undone maid!  
Ah! no, 'tis some Lucy like me,  
Some hapless young virgin betray'd.  
Like me, she has sorrow'd and wept;  
Like me she has fondly believ'd;  
Like me her true promise she kept,  
And like me too, is justly deceiv'd.  
I come, dear companion in grief!  
Gay scenes and fond pleasures adieu!  
I come, and we'll gather relief  
From bosoms so chaste and so true.  
Ye meadows so lovely, farewell!  
Your velvet still Colin shall tread,  
All deaf to the sound of that knell,  
Which tolls for his Lucy, when dead!"  
Scarcely had gather'd the sound,  
But she plung'd from her grass spring-  
ing bed;  
The liquid stream parts to the ground;  
And the mirror clos'd over her head.

## SONNET to NIGHT.

**P**ARENT of fostering dews and balmy  
gales,  
I love, O night, thy solitary reign,  
When deepening darkness shrouds the  
misty vales,  
And silence broods o'er the deserted  
plain.  
For then, while wrapt in shades earth's  
beauties lie,  
Thou wak'st the hope to untri'd regions  
given;  
Bid'st meditation light the languid eye,  
And bear, on thought sublime, the  
soul to heaven.  
Ah! would'st thou draw with sympathet-  
ic power,  
The veil oblivious o'er the long past  
scene;  
Bid memory slumber on the anguish'd  
hour,  
And heavenly visions fill the void with-  
in,  
Unmingled raptures should the soul il-  
lume,  
Earth, and earth's bitter woes wrapt in  
congenial gloom.

MONTHLY

# MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE, MONTHLY GAZETTE.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

### ENGLAND.

THE Lords have determined in favor of Mr. Hastings upon eleven articles of the first charge of impeachment, namely, the Benares charge of cruelties, extortions, &c. against the *Rajah Ghoyt Sing*. The remaining and most material charge which the law Lords are seriously engaged in investigating, will be brought before the committee on Monday next. There are six other charges remaining, containing a great variety of articles.

At the late election of a member to represent the city of London in Parliament, in the place of Alderman Sawbridge, deceased, Mr. Lushington was chosen by a majority of nearly 800 votes. Mr. Lushington is a Ministerialist—his competitor was Alderman Combe—and the election is a proof of the minister's strength in London.

A treaty of alliance with the Empress of Russia has just been signed by the court of Great Britain.

The precise nature nor the conditions of this alliance are not known, but it is said that it goes to engage the Empress of Russia to furnish 40,000 men, and 12 sail of the line to act against France.

APRIL 3.

Accounts received from Genoa, mention, that the Dey of Algiers had declared war against England, and was determined to act in the strictest union with France, in consequence of receiving some ships of war and great sums of money from that Republic.

Encampments are ordered to be formed consisting of dragoon guards, fencibles, artillery and militia, at Borham Downs, Hith, Dungeness, Sheerness, Isle of Thanet, Deal, Dover, Bexhill, Hastings, East-Bourne, Seaford, Brighton, Little-Hampton, Chichester, Selsey Island, and Isle of Wight.

Preparations against an invasion keep the sea coast in constant activity. Floating batteries, and gun boats are building in various places.

### FRANCE.

By the report of Dubois Crance to the National Convention, in Jan. last, it appears that the French armies for the year preceding, amounted to eleven hundred

thousand men—a number of which the human mind, without calculation, forms a very incompetent idea. If they were to march in review before a general, at the rate of twenty miles per day, in ranks of eight men abreast, placed at four feet distance, which with the body of the men would allow five feet to eight men, they would be a week in passing, and would form a line of one hundred and thirty miles in length, in the position in which they passed. Placed in two ranks for exercise, and allowing two feet from front for each file, the line would be 208 miles in length.

A plan for the disposition and command of the French armies was laid before the Convention on the 4th of March, and was accepted, and they decreed as follows:

1. The army of the Rhine and that of the Moselle shall be united under the name of the army of the Rhine and Moselle. This army shall be under the command of Gen. Pichegru.
2. The army of the Sambre and Meuse shall be commanded by Gen. Jourdan.—The army of the North by Gen. Moreau.
3. In case these three armies should have to act in concert, the general command is confined to Gen. Pichegru.
4. The two armies of the Alps and Italy shall be united under the command of Gen. Kellerman.
5. The army of the Eastern Pyrenees shall be commanded by Gen. Scherer.
6. The army of the Western Pyrenees shall be commanded by Gen. Moncey.
7. The army of the Western Coasts shall be commanded by Gen. Canclaux.
8. The army of the Coasts of Brest, to which that of the Coasts of Cherbourg shall be united, and commanded by Gen. Hoche.

This plan of decree was adopted.

The French have assembled on the bank of the Yssel 40,000 men, 18,000 of which are at Zwoll, and the rest at Deventer and Zutphen.

The celebrated Abbe Seyes is in the executive commission of France. He was the author of the French declaration of rights, and of a pamphlet in opposition to Mr. Paine. He was an advocate for the Constitution of 1791.

NATIONAL

NATIONAL CONVENTION, MARCH 5.

Letter from the agency of commerce, and the commissioners, appointed to collect monuments of the fine arts in Belgium.

Citizen representatives. "The complete collection of the finest works of Reubens, Vandyke, Jordeans, Crayer, Michael, Angelo, &c. which you ordered to be brought from Belgium, is now exhibited to public view in the Saloon, which leads to the national museum. Subjoined is an account of each picture, and of the place from which it was taken."

PARIS, MARCH 24.

We learn from Madrid, that the Spanish court has requested the French government to send thither a Negotiator in order to settle a final and lasting peace; and it is asserted here, that an envoy set out a fortnight ago.

Letter from Arnaud, Secretary to Dupont, representative of the people in the department of the Lower Seine.

"You will be pleased to make as public as possible the news that the war of La Vendee is happily terminated, as you will see by the submission of the Generals and soldiers which I send you, and which has just been received by the representative. Mark the effect of a government which pardons error, and wishes to find none but brothers. ARNAUD."

On the 20th of February, the convention met in the evening to nominate three commissioners of their own body to the East Indies. The business was interrupted for some time by Legendre's complaining that Thuriot had sent a member to him to endeavour to influence his opinion. The members nominated as commissioners to the French colonies in the East Indies, were Barrafs, Latourneur, of La Manche, and Armand of the Meuse.

On the 21st, a decree was passed for assuring the freedom of religious opinion and worship.

In the evening three commissioners to the West Indies were nominated.

APRIL 1.

The substance of the intelligence brought by the late mails is, that the French have entered Westphalia, in considerable force, and have borne down all opposition before them. Their head quarters are at Bentheim, of which place they took possession on the 14th inst. after two obstinate engagements with the Germans on the 12th and 13th.

In the French convention, 4th March, Carnot announced to the convention, that

the committee of public Safety had had a chronological, tableau representing all the victories gained by the republicans, from September 8, 1793 to the 2d Feb. 1795, by an able matter, in order to serve as a military history, and offer to all future generations of Frenchmen, the glory of their ancestors.

Carnot said thus of our successes; 27 victories, six of which were gained in pitched battles; 120 combats of less importance; 80,000 enemies killed, and 91,000 taken prisoners of war, 117 important fortresses, 36 of which were taken after a close blockade; 230 forts; 38,000 pieces of artillery; 17,000 muskets; 19,000 weight of powder, and 90 stands of colours fell into our hands. He proposed, and the convention decreed, that the tableau should be suspended in the hall of the convention, and besides, printed in small books in order to be sent to the armies and departments of the republic.

MARCH 17.

A riot respecting bread occupied part of the attention of the convention.—The deputation of the rioters was sharply rebuked by the president, and the tumult subsided.

MARCH 18.

Carletti, Minister Plenipotentiary from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was admitted.—He thus addressed the convention.—

"Citizens Representatives,

"Chosen by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to reside near the republic, and to endeavour to restore a neutrality, always prized by the Tuscan government, but which unfortunate circumstance had forced her to suspend, contrary to her wish and interest, I estimate this public mission, the first I have accepted, during the course of a long life, as the most honorable to a friend of humanity, of my country, and of France.

"The day on which I signed the treaty of peace with the French republic, was the most happy of my life; and that on which that treaty was received in Tuscany was signalized by general rejoicings.

"Organ of the sentiments of my country, fortunately destined by nature to take no part in quarrels of great powers, it is very grateful to me to assure you, that the government and inhabitants of Tuscany have ever preserved for you, notwithstanding the course of events, all the sentiments due to so powerful a nation.

"For my part I shall be assiduous to cement more closely, while I remain here the

the good understanding, which ought to subsist between the two countries.

"May the peace which we have just concluded, be the harbinger of other treaties more important to Europe, which greatly needs tranquility; and may I, who have found you covered with laurels, acquired in the fields of war, soon see you reposing in the salutary shade of the Olive tree of peace.

The president returned an affectionate and pertinent answer. The minister was received in the usual manner, received the fraternal embrace, and was recognized by a decree.

MARCH 19.

It was announced, amidst applauses, that 20 vessels, laden with provisions, had arrived at Bourdeaux, from Boston, and other ports of the United States of America.

#### THE SEPARATE PEACE

which the English papers report the king of Prussia has concluded with the French republic, is doubtless the most important article of news, which has transpired by the late arrivals. The movements of the French and Prussian troops on the Rhine are presumptive evidences that the event, if it has not already taken place, is expected by the two armies. The fury of the warlike empress, which was sufficiently exasperated by the moderation of the tender hearted Frederic, in the last campaign against France, has now grown outrageous. She has peremptorily told him, that he shall never possess one inch of territory in Poland, until Lewis XVII. is seated on the throne of his ancestors!

#### HOLLAND.

In the first movement of the Revolution made in every town of the United Provinces, there was not a single instance of uproar, confusion or intemperance manifested any where. At Amsterdam, Mr. Charles Wouter Viischer, pensioner of the revolution before the year 1787, but who had been imprisoned and condemned to banishment for having presented a request against the admission of English troops, and against the general ruin of the country by an inundation of sea water, was elected chief Magistrate, under the title of Mayor, his first measure was to fix a proclamation in French and Dutch, on the doors of all the places of worship, of every communion, it was short and energetic.

"Here they adore God; Citizen, whatever you may be, do not disturb the worship.

(Signed) C. W. VIISCHER, MAYOR."

General Pichegru published a strong proclamation to his own army, declaring that any person found guilty of the slightest pillage or disorder, should be punished with death; and at the same time the Representatives of the French people delivered an address to the army on the day of the death of the king of France.

The provisional Municipality of Amsterdam, at the humane instance of Gen. Pichegru, published the following Arret:

"The provisional Representatives of the people of Amsterdam, forbid, on the requisition of the French commander in chief, the inhabitants of this city to maltreat the Dutch troops who are prisoners of war of the French, and who as such, are under the French safeguard, as he will punish these outrages in the same manner, as if they were committed against the French themselves; at the same time, these Dutch troops are ordered to keep the strictest discipline, and not to commit any outrages on the inhabitants of this city, as these crimes will be severely punished by the French General."

On the 9th of Feb. Citizen Adams, Minister of the United States, having informed the states that several Captains of American vessels were unwilling to submit to the inspection required in the ports of Holland, the assembly resolved to enjoin upon the Port Officers to inspect at discretion all vessels, and to arrest all persons found without passports, and ordered that a copy of this proclamation should be given to citizen Adams, and all the ministers of the neutral powers.

An address has been sent to the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, by the revolutionary government of Holland, informing them, that the arbitrary directors of the East-India company could now no longer oppress them. They invite them to participate of that liberty, which they had lately received from the redeeming hand of the French republic. Released from those shackles, which had ignominiously bound them for a century and an half, they pledge themselves, with the assistance of their sister nation, to defend them against the rapacious power of the English ministry, if they will not throw themselves, (for protection) into the treacherous arms of the Stadtholder. They then advise them to arrest their governour, and political council, till the new form of government in their mother country should be completed. Although separated by an ocean of more than 2,000 leagues,

leagues, and inhabiting the remotest corner of Africa, they solemnly assured them that they will be most cordially fraternized by all true republicans in every quarter of the globe.

## POLAND.

The dismemberment of Poland is much opposed, from motives of policy, by some of

the powers of Europe, and by none more than the Ottoman Porte; with whom, and Russia, a rupture may be expected, should the latter insist on the possession of the late dominions of Stanislaus.

## ALGIER S.

The Dey of Algiers, it is said, has declared war against Spain.

## DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

## VIRGINIA.

NORFOLK, May 1.

AS it is deemed contrary to our neutrality and national faith, that armed vessels should make stations in our ports or roads, in order, by falling from thence, to distress our trade and harass our citizens and allies, and as the commanding officer of certain vessels of his Britannic Majesty, has been required to depart from the ports of this state with the ships under his command, and has peremptorily refused obeying such requisition, we are ordered to use the most effectual means to prevent the officers and crews of the aforesaid ships from receiving or experiencing any aid, or assistance, or comfort from any of the inhabitants of this commonwealth. They are therefore notified of the same, and as good citizens are desired to govern themselves accordingly.

By order of his excellency the Governour of Virginia.

W. WILSON, Lieut. Col. of the County of Norfolk.

T. NEWTON, Lieut. Col. Commandant of Norfolk Borough.

April 30, 1795.

NORFOLK, May 6.

SIR,

The executive of this state having revoked their instructions, given to me, to require the departure of the vessels of war of the belligerent nations, of their receiving any aid, assistance, or comfort from any inhabitants of this commonwealth. I hereby notify the same to you, and am instructed to notify to the commanders of any fleet squadron or vessel of belligerent nations, who shall clearly and unequivocally use the rivers or any other waters of Virginia, as a station in order to carry on hostile expeditions from thence; that the President deems such conduct to be contrary to the rights of neutrality, and that a demand of retribution will be urged upon their gov-

ernment, for prizes which may be made in consequence thereof.

I am yours, &c.

THOMAS NEWTON.

JOHN HAMILTON, Esq.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Don Joseph Ignatius de Viar, has been appointed by his Catholic Majesty, Consul General for the United States of America, and acknowledged as such by the President.

## NEW-JERSEY.

Dr. Samuel Smith is elected president of the college in Princeton.

## NEW-YORK.

May 14.

Cannon, lately from the foundry at Springfield, were paraded on the Battery, for the purpose of being proved. On their being discharged, 13 unfortunately burst.

## MASSACHUSETTS.

May 5.

The arms and equipments of the Militia of the commonwealth of Massachusetts were inspected by companies according to law.

May 6.

On this day was opened, the Academy in Hallowell, county of Lincoln, for the reception of students.

The trustees and a large auditory being convened in the Academy, at 12 o'clock, the Rev. Alden Bradford, of Pownalboro' addressed the throne of grace, and delivered a well adapted discourse from Isaiah xxxv, verse 1.

*The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.*

After divine service, the trustees, the the Preceptor, the clergy, with a number of other gentlemen who were convened on this occasion, retired to Col. Dutton's, where they dined, and concluded the business of the day with real satisfaction.

REVISION

## REVISION OF CONSTITUTION.

Alterations of forms of government in Europe have been almost invariably attended by convulsion and bloodshed. It was reserved for America to exhibit to the world an example of a people meeting together peaceably to digest their Constitutions, and orderly to alter or abolish them. An instance of this was given in this commonwealth on Wednesday, May 20, when the citizens thereof, assembled to discuss the question, *Whether a revision of their Constitution was necessary or expedient?* But well satisfied are our citizens in general with the system, so convinced, of its perfection, and so happy under it, that a revision of it is by most towns deemed unnecessary.

## USEFUL IMPROVEMENTS.

We are happy to hear, that the Middlesex Canal, is prosecuting with the most promising activity. Upwards of an hundred hands, we learn, are in constant employment thereon.

Mr. Blodget's Canal in New-Hampshire, we understand is nearly finished.

Mr. Palmer, the artist who has distinguished his talents in constructing the bridges lately erected over the rivers Merimack in this state, and Piscataqua, in New-Hampshire, has contracted to build a bridge over the Patowmack, in the state of Maryland. By the act of incorporation, the toll is to be vested in the proprietors forever.

May 27.

## THE GENERAL ELECTION

of this commonwealth was celebrated in Boston with civic festivity, and military honours. His excellency SAMUEL ADAMS, and his honor MOSES GILL, are continued in the executive. Edward H. Robins, Esq. is re-elected speaker, and Henry Warren, Esq. clerk of the house. Hon. Samuel Phillips, Esq. is re-appointed president, and Samuel Cooper, Esq. clerk of the senate.

## MARRIAGES.

*Boston.* Mr. Thomas French, to Miss Nancy English; Mr. Thomas Hall Cutter, to Miss Mehitable Dixon. Mr. Benjamin Long, to Miss Betsey Behnet. Mr. Jonathan Buttersfield to Miss Prudence Freeman. Mr. Stephen Dix to Miss Lucy Curtis. Mr. Stephen Roberts to Miss Margaret Jackson; Mr. John Wells to Miss Abigail Welles; Mr. Benjamin Callender to Miss Esther Edes; Mr. Greenman Gore to Miss Eleanor Berry; William Seymour, Esq. to Miss Wilhelmina Houffal. Mr. George

Storer to Miss Anna Bulfinch; Mr. Simon Francis to Miss Lydia Hawkes.

*Brookline.* Atherton Thayer Esq. to Miss Sarah Jackson.

*Cambridge.* Mr. Thomas Millar to Miss Mary Frothingham; Mr. James Fillebrown to Miss Elizabeth Newel.

*Chelsea.* Mr. Blodget to Miss Mary Bonpas.

*Cobasset.* Mr. William Whittenton to Miss Hepzibah Lincoln.

*Milton.* Mr. Ralph Payson to Miss Sally Horton.

*Barnstable.* Mr. John Palfrey to Miss Mary S. Gorham.

*Newbury-Port.* Mr. Tappan Webster to Miss Sally Brown.

*Salem.* Mr. Abijah Northey to Miss Sally Gerrish King.

*Watertown.* Mr. John Rice to Miss Dorcas Fuller; Mr. Israel Cook to Miss Sally Robbins.

## DEATHS.

At Bengal the Hon. Sucton Grant Heatly, Esq. a native of Newport (R. I.); and who had been many years resident in the East Indies, where he sustained various important public offices with ability, integrity, and honor.

On the 9th of Feb. at Madrid, William Carmichael, Esq. late charge des affaires, and one of the commissioners plenipotentiary to the court of Spain.

At Philadelphia, John Kean, Esq. He was a member of Congress from the state of South-Carolina, and a Commissioner for settling the accounts between the United States and the individual states, under the old confederation. Since the adoption of the new constitution, he was re-appointed Commissioner, and continued in that office till the business was completed. On the formation of the bank of the United States, Mr. Kean was chosen cashier of that important institution. This office (on account of his ill health) he resigned a few weeks since.

*New-Haven,* the Rev. Ezra Stiles, S.T.D. L.L.D. President of Yale College; and member of several learned societies in Europe and America.

*Boston,* Mrs. Elizabeth Boyer, 69; Mr. Lambert Rogers, 25; Mrs. Mary Simon, 21; Mrs. Martha M'Cohdley, 34; Mrs. Lydia Homer 69; Mrs. Mary Dilberry.

*Gloucester,* Mrs. Mary Coffin, 41.

*Kingston,* William Drew, Esq. 63.

*Milton,* Rev. Nathaniel Robbins.

*Uxbridge,* Mr. Uriah Thayer, 89.

*Berlin,* Hon. Samuel Baker, Esq.